THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World

"The Nation's Reading Habit"
Magazine Section—Boston Advertiser
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Week of February 8, 1942

# Maid in America

by Henry Clive

Verses by Phyllis McGinley

## No. 4—
## The Creole Girl

*Here's Antoinette, a Creole miss*
*Of old New Orleans City.*
*Her pouting lips, though made to kiss,*
*Are ripe with sayings witty.*

*There's mischief in her sidewise glance*
*No chaperone can banish,*
*For half of her is charm of France*
*And half, a fire that's Spanish.*

*When softly shine the southern stars*
*And night's a gallant raider,*
*The lads bring out their blithe guitars*
*And, sighing, serenade her.*

*Until the velvet hours grow late*
*They pluck with ardent fingers,*
*But there is one beside her gate*
*Outstays the rest, and lingers.*

*And he will wear, e'er he depart,*
*The rose she flings, upon his heart.*

English Psychiatrists, Familiar With Thousands of Cases of War Jitters, Found That the Blitz Sharply Reduced the Number of Nervous Breakdowns.

# Why The War Is Making People Less Jittery

PEOPLE do less worrying in time of war than during peace, although the contrary would seem to be true. Since America's entry into the present conflict the number of psychological and nervous cases under treatment have sharply dropped. The same cycle proved true in Britain following that nation's involvement in the war.

This easing off of nervous cases, psychologists say, is not difficult to understand. Before a nation's entry into war people are upset, nervous, and jittery because the future is vague. Once war is declared, great uncertainties are swept away, people take fresh stock and readjust themselves to meet the new situation.

According to Dr. Edward A. Strecker, professor of psychiatry at the University of Pennsylvania, the nerve specialist won't be quite so busy during the present crisis. Dr. Strecker, who has been doing research as a member of the Committee on Psychiatry in National Defense, bases his opinion not only on what he has found to be true of nervous patients but also on the accurate record of Britain's civil population.

The British study showed that during the uncertain and jittery days of the Munich crisis in 1938, there were more nervous cases under treatment than since the beginning of the heavy bombing of English cities. This was partly due to the fact that during the blistering air attacks practically every civilian had a particular job for which he alone was responsible. English psychiatrists discovered that among the fire-fighters, who had one of the most dangerous responsibilities, there was not one single nervous breakdown.

A similar pattern can be expected in this country, Dr. Strecker reports. The first step in wiping out many nervous cases came when America's war declaration was made. The jitters which came with the uncertainty of not knowing whether America would become involved or not were written clean off the books by direct action.

"Before the American participation in the war, many average men lay awake at night, wondering what would happen to them if America should get into the war, as well as what would happen to the country and to them if the nation did not declare war," Dr. Strecker explains. "And it is just such intangible fears which lead to mental disorders."

Psychologists claim that the most difficult mentally sick patients to cure are those who are suffering with intangible fears, who think "something horrible is going to happen to me." On the other hand, patients suffering from definite fears, like death from disease, are relatively easy cases.

Admittedly, many fears face our nation today. But these fears are no longer in the realm of the unknown. They are specific and therefore, say the doctors, easier to handle and control. People are now worried about their relatives in the danger zones and afraid of actual bombing attacks on their own cities. But these fears are normal.

Most important of all from the nerve specialist's point of view, the public is sharing the common fear. In illustration of this, Dr. Strecker cited the example of a fearful woman who hears sounds at night that mean a burglar is prowling about her house. When she calls together the other people in her family, and tells them about the burglar and they all decide to capture him, her fears are greatly reduced. And it is the same with a nation when everybody is in the dangers of war.

One of the greatest releases for nervousness is action. There must be a physical outlet to all human emotion. Thus when you are worried, tense, or sad, you can immediately begin to feel better if you do something about it that gets results and takes your mind off these worries.

Thus, the emotional stress of our country is being tempered by the fact that people are actually fighting the danger that has threatened it for so long. Individuals can work off their own excess emotions by taking an active part in civilian defense. There they can feel that their efforts are also helping the community as a whole.

Another reason why Dr. Strecker feels that there will be less national nervousness is because there will no longer be arguments as to whether the foreign policy of the country and its leaders is correct or not. The war declaration has brought people closer together in their thinking. They have been unified by a common purpose. As a result, there is more of a feeling of security, making it possible for people to bear the common fear and to fight the common enemy.

Dictatorships are more likely to crack under the pressure of fear than democracies, Dr. Strecker believes.

"As the war goes on," he explains, "dictatorial fascism must increase the pressure of force upon its people, who get a hopelessness about the future which promises of material gains fail to destroy.

"In a democracy, on the other hand, citizens realize that they have given up their liberties and their material comforts for only a short time in order to regain them and insure them for the future.

"To keep this spirit of faith in the future intact for the duration of the war, there must be no hesitation about giving the people a definition of what these democratic ideals and goals are so that they can easily picture them to themselves," Dr. Strecker says. "And everything that makes for better conditions of life and livelihood is therefore a fundamental contribution to the defense of our country."

# Just Won't Believe Their Hanged Witch Doctors Are Really Dead

TO STAMP out the cruel voodoo murders of the fierce Shangaan native tribes of Northern Transvaal, African police authorities are now engaged in a weird educational program to convince the superstitious tribesmen that two of their witch-doctors, recently hanged for the sorcery slaying of a young girl, are really dead, and not prowling the Tzaneen jungles as the natives persist in believing.

If the illiterate tribesmen can be made to realize that the two witch-doctors have actually paid with their lives for this cold-blooded murder, the police believe that the sacrifice killings that have been practiced by the Shangaan blacks for centuries can be halted. To understand the tremendous problem facing the authorities, it must be realized that the Shangaans live in a remote forest world of their own, cut off from modern civilization most of the time.

Police launched their educational campaign by forcing all the natives to attend the trial of the two witch-doctors. The defendants, Johannes Ramoba, a gnarled old man, and his youthful protege, William Mpedi, were allowed to wear all their black-magic regalia during the fantastic trial, which was held in an open field adjoining the ramshackle, wooden courthouse at Tzaneen so that the thousands of natives who were rounded up could witness the proceedings. The purpose in allowing the witch-doctors to appear in their full regalia, and with all their strange bric-a-brac and hand-fashioned drums, was to prove to the assembled natives that despite their witchcraft accessories, the two medicine men were helpless in the white man's court.

Practically the whole trial was conducted in pantomime to enable the unlettered Shangaans to fully understand the proceedings. A small stage was built in the middle of the clearing and on this the murder was re-enacted. Every once in a while, the taking of testimony was halted while the authorities would emphasize the point that the two witch-doctor prisoners, sulking together on one corner of the platform, were unable to charm the court, or flee their predicament.

These periodic announcements were made to combat the natives' belief that the two medicine men could work magic on themselves, change to birds, and take leave of the trial whenever they wished or by uttering a secret phrase, instantly turn all the court officials into snakes.

In gory detail, the story was told how Ramoba and Mpedi took a 17-year-old girl, hypnotized her, kept her in their hut for a week, and then dismembered her naked body, and used selected parts of the flesh, and the heart, to concoct a magic brew. The two men had been indicted on the testimony of the girl's intended husband, Jim Rapalene, a member of a neighboring tribe, who, under the hypnotic spell of the medicine men, said he sat back, horror-struck, but helpless when the pretty brown-skinned Lalali was murdered in cold blood.

Rapalene's story was accepted, and the judge ordered the two witch-doctors hung. The execution date was set for two weeks later, when the police again rounded up the natives and herded them into Tzaneen to witness the hanging. Before the condemned men were marched to the scaffold, still in their full regalia, the officials again invited them to use all their magic to avoid the noose—but nothing happened.

The two men were then executed, and allowed to dangle from the scaffold for several days. Police took photographs of the two witch-doctors as they hung from the end of the ropes, and posted the pictures throughout the blue gum forest of the Shangaans along with the announcements of the hanging.

Despite all the police efforts, reports continued to circulate in the native kraals that the two medicine men still roamed Tzaneen, administering to their fellow-tribesmen, and practicing their black magic.

To convince the blacks of the futility of this belief, police are continuing their unusual education program by posting announcements throughout the jungle, offering a fabulous award to any Shangaan who can prove that he saw the two medicine men, and a double amount to any tribesman who can produce them.

Police believe that once the natives realize that there is nothing to their black magic, and that nothing can save them if they run afoul of the white man's laws, they gradually will abandon their ritualistic practices. Whether the authorities can wipe out the voodoism as practiced throughout the centuries remains to be seen.

The fact that Ramoba and Mpedi were ever brought to trial is unusual in itself. Ordinarily, the authorities have no direct knowledge of the practices of the tribesmen, except from the few rumors that trickle in from the forbidding jungles of Northern Transvaal. The blacks are tight-lipped, convinced that all sorts of evil spirits will descend upon them if they divulge the antics of their witch-doctors, whom they worship the way the white man worships his own God.

The Two Witch Doctors Were Hanged in Their Tribal Regalia and Their Bodies Were Allowed to Dangle From the Scaffold for Days—But Their Superstitious Subjects Were Sure They Were Alive.

The two witch-doctors, however, were taken into custody when the grief-stricken and heart-broken Rapalene, who had a slight knowledge of the white man's ways, sought out the local headquarters of the Transvaal Mounted Police, and told how his sweetheart had been dismembered by Ramoba and Mpedi. Rapalene, as police learned, had been induced to tell his story by another witch-doctor, who was jealous of the growing power of Ramoba and Mpedi.

Rapalene told a weird and fantastic tale of how he had been summoned by the medicine men to the hut, where the stripped Lalali lay in a hypnotic trance, and how during the height of a thunderstorm he had to carry her to the river bank where the two witch-doctors performed their ritual and made their magic brew from the warm blood of the slashed girl.

After the ceremony was over, and the remains of the girl's body were placed in a shallow grave, later dug up by the authorities, the elderly Ramoba warned Rapalene that he was under a magic spell, and that he would drop dead if he breathed a word to the authorities. Rapalene's desire for revenge, however, was stronger than his fear, and goaded by the jealous witch-doctor, he blurted out the story in all its details to the officials.

When Important Military Information Is Sent in the Language of the Red Man, the Smartest Enemy Code Experts Find Themselves Completely Baffled.

# How Indian Talk Mystifies Our Enemies

THE American Army has a "secret weapon" that is a corker—it is a method of front-line signaling that not only baffles the enemy forces but leaves our own military allies in something of a mental dither as well. Amusingly enough, the system is hundreds of years old, but it still stymies today's espionage agents and defies translation by enemy code experts.

It all began during World War I in 1917 when a front-line artillery unit, which was having trouble because the Germans were intercepting and decoding their messages, hit on the smart idea of using two Indians as telephone operators. The redskins began chattering away in the language of their own tribesmen and the Heinies were completely befuddled.

The army immediately recognized the value of the old Indian dialects and established a code unit that is unique in military history. At the present time this unit consists of 30 Comanches from Oklahoma, who form a special Signal Corps detachment of their own. This group is gradually being increased through the transfer of Indians from the ranks of the regular infantry units.

During last year's military maneuvers, the Army reported highly successful results from the Indian signalers. The Comanche language and variations of it, was used, and the "enemy" troops in the war games were unable to decode any of the messages.

The most baffling part of the Indian code system comes from the fact that these primitive languages do not embrace modern military terms. So the Indians ingeniously invent their own descriptive words. For example, a modern tank is a "turtle," and the infantry, the cavalry and the artillery are designated by the colors in their hatbands as the Blues, the Yellows, or the Reds.

Thus when the redskins begin barking back and forth in Comanche, or any one of 58 other distinct Indian languages, it is no wonder that enemy radio and phone interceptor-operators get mixed up. Even if they could decode, and then learn the language used, the enemy still wouldn't know the meaning of these newly-adopted words in terms of military equipment and troop movements.

This Indian signal corps is no military secret, for Axis agents have known about it for many years. It's one "secret weapon" that Army officials are willing to talk about for they know that the Germans, Japanese or Italians can't fathom this distinctly American type of signaling.

The ingenious Indians likewise can get along without any new-fangled signaling devices. When units are completely shut off from phone, radio or carrier pigeon, the redskins move away from the main body of troops, build fires, and establish contact through smoke signals. And these dot-and-dash puffs against the sky are just as bewildering to the enemy as are their telephone talks.

There were over 12,000 Indian volunteers in the last war, many of whom served in the Signal Corps after Army heads discovered that their native languages could be so valuable. Indians were not subject to the draft in 1917, but a Congressional Act in 1924, granting them citizenship, brings them under the current draft laws. Recently the New York State Supreme Court reaffirmed their military obligations when it turned down an Indian request for deferment.

The Indians in the United States generally have been referred to as the "Vanishing Americans." This is a fallacy. When the first colonists landed on the shores of what is now the United States, there were 900,000 full-blooded Indians inhabiting the country. Ten years ago there were not more than 150,000 full-blooded redskins and 350,000 mixed-blooded Indians. But in 1930 the life-tide of the Indian began to turn, and now, according to the office of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, the Indian population is increasing at nearly double the rate of the rest of the country, and some of the full-blooded tribes are multiplying three times as fast.

For the last few years the German propaganda machine of Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels has tried to foment discontent among the Indians. The Reich courts have gone so far as to rule that Indians are Aryans—but the facts belie this. John Collier, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, who has made a thorough study of the origins of the different tribes in North America, laughs at the German propaganda efforts, pointing out that there is not a drop of Aryan blood in the redskins' ancestry.

The Indians themselves make much fun of the Nazi attempts to cause trouble. The whole spirit of totalitarianism is completely in conflict with the spirit of the Indian and his way of life. Never through the centuries has the Indian consented to be regimented or enslaved. For him democracy goes back at least 15,000 years.

The splendid military tradition of the Indian lives on today with a large percentage of these aborgines volunteering in defense of their country and many others being trained in civilian skills of potential defense value. Figures from Indian Reservations show the intense patriotism of the red men. Braves from the Chippewa tribe in Minnesota, the peaceful long-haired Pima in Arizona, the Sioux in South Dakota, and the Eastern Cherokee in North Carolina are only a few of the many who have joined the U. S. Army—most of whom will probably become expert enemy-befuddlers in the Signal Corps.

# Worked His Way Through College By Changing Diapers

PETER Pop, 20-year-old ambidextrous sophomore, is paying his way through North Carolina State College by changing diapers.

Of hand, that may sound just like so much wet-wash, but it isn't. To Pop, the art of changing baby's breechcloth is big business. So big in fact that he has hired ten of his fellow classmates to help him run one of the most novel businesses in America.

It all started when Pop, hard-pressed for money, discovered that weary parents, eager for a night out, were willing to pay 25 cents an hour for baby-tending. Pop started working for one family and in a few weeks he was taking care of a dozen babies. The scope of his tasks increased, too. At some homes, he pitched in and helped with the dishes. At others, he tutored the older children saving fathers the trouble of doing Jimmy's homework. Daily the number and variety of his jobs increased until it embraced window-washing, floor-scrubbing, and other assorted household tasks.

Soon the business grew too big for Pop. He took other students on the side, taught them the art of pinning infants into their flannel triangles, assigned them to different households, and took a percentage of their earnings. Now business has hit such a peak that Pop and his coworkers are changing an estimated 5,000 diapers a year, and Pop has high hopes of putting his commercial and household service business on a nationwide basis. He is in the midst of negotiating with officials of a telegraph company which has indicated it might be interested in adding baby tending to its varied services.

The Enterprising College Boy Made a Profitable Business of Pinning On Three-Cornered Pants.

Off hand, the idea of working one's way to a diploma by playing nursemaid to babies sounds like a sissy's job. But Pop, weighing 180 pounds, and standing nearly six feet in height, belies the suggestion as do his strapping, assistants. Pleased parents report that the hulking college men can pin up baby neat-as-you-please and efficiently coo him off to sleep.

Pop's fees range from 25 cents an hour for minding the little bambino to 40 cents an hour for tutoring. As a special bargain inducement, a free dish washing job is thrown in with every three hours of baby tending service. Today Pop is so busy directing the work of his diaper-changing henchmen that he answers a call himself only on important cases.

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# Just Like One of Those Old Horatio Alger

"Well, Good-by Waite," the Banker Said. But as the Boy Boarded the Train, the Old Man Muttered, "He'll Never Amount to Much."

But Waite Phillips Traveled and Worked at Hard Labor and Saved His Money.

"What! Marry My Daughter So You Won't Have to Work? Get Out," Banker Elliott Shouted. Waite Got Out and Married the Girl.

The Years Went by and Waite's Investments Turned to Flowing Gold.

"Don't Worry, Mr. Elliott. The Bank Is Saved!" It Was the Prodigal Back With a Million Dollars to Save Elliott From Ruin.

## Mr. Waite Phillips Ran Away With the Banker's Daughter, Became Rich, Returned in the Nick of Time to Save Papa-in-Law From Ruin—And Now Turns Over an Almost Incredibly Valuable Gift to the Boy Scouts

WAITE PHILLIPS, Oklahoma philanthropist, won universal admiration the other day when he made a five-million-dollar present to the American Boy Scouts.

A wonderful thing, and he has done lots of others but nothing can equal the gorgeous moment when he returned as a "prodigal son-in-law," bringing the fatted calf with him, in the form of $800,000 cash, to save his father-in-law's bank.

It was an Horatio Alger success story, with an O. Henry surprise ending, perfect, impossible to improve. But it did not end there. Mr. Phillips, now 52 years old, has gone right on living and succeeding, making and giving away more millions.

Yet all these achievements are anti-climaxes. Never can he hope to top that one high spot in his career.

At the age of 16, Waite and his lanky twin brother Wiate ran away from the Phillips farm, near Knoxville, Iowa. This caused the little town's leading citizen and president of the bank, John B. Elliott, to shake his head sadly. He thought it a poor way for the boys to start their careers, not long after the start of the present century.

The funds of his bank were largely invested in mortgages on surrounding farms and they were sound because he made it his business to know the character of the farmers who borrowed the bank's money.

News of the runaways for the next few years was not encouraging. He heard that they were wandering over the Northwest, working at any old job that turned up, such as cattle wrangling, harvesting and even mining.

All honest enough, but what future could there be in jumping around from one thing to another? The banker prophesied that some day they would come back broke and have to begin all over again at something permanent.

And one day Waite did return a sadder and presumably wiser young man. His beloved twin, Wiate, had died of appendicitis and one of the first persons he happened to meet was his home town's leading citizen. He assured the banker that he was through wandering and would settle down at any sort of work.

**Heroine — Banker Elliott's Daughter, Who Married the Prodigal and Came Back to Knoxville, Iowa, With Him to Save Her Father's Bank.**

At the end of his list of strong-arm jobs he knew something about, the youth added that he could do a little bookkeeping. It happened that Mr. Elliott needed a man on the bank's books and gave him a chance.

But President Elliott was pained when the young bookkeeper blossomed out into the town's dude, appearing in the first pair of pointed shoes it had seen.

The fine raiment suggested that the youth might be living beyond his means. So Mr. Elliott sent word for the young man to see him at his house on a certain day, after closing hours.

The banker had a private treasure, more precious than gold, which he could not lock up nor insure, his lovely daughter Vera. When young Phillips was ushered into his employer's presence, Vera came with him, holding his hand.

"What does this mean?" asked the father. The daughter blushed and giggled but the bookkeeper answered:

"I guess it means that you sent for me because you know our secret."

"Secret! What secret?" gasped Mr. Elliott, feeling the first chill of an awful suspicion. The young fashion-plate told him:

"Vera and I are going to be married and we are asking your blessing."

The blessing was about as cordial as a bank robber might have expected, had he politely asked for the combination of the safe.

"So that's why you have shown no ambition to get ahead!" Mr. Elliott thundered. "You think you will not have to work, if you are my son-in-law. That is the greatest mistake of your life."

Waite's face flushed but he did not answer and with mounting anger, the banker went on:

"Now I see how you got credit for all those dude clothes. You have made the merchants believe that your father-in-law will pay the bills. Well, I am never going to be your father-in-law.

"Furthermore you are fired, I forbid you to come to this house again or to the bank, unless you have legitimate business there. As for you, Vera, now that you know what sort of adventurer he is you will be glad to obey my order never to speak to him again."

Young Phillips could have answered those charges but one of the reasons for his success is that he does not tell all he knows. He kept silent but the girl spoke up, informing her furious father that she loved Waite and would marry him, no matter what happened.

"Then I will disinherit you," was the answer. "See how he will like that—a pauper marrying a pauper."

Apparently he like it pretty well because the young couple lost little time in being married at a neighboring town and going to Bartlesville, Oklahoma.

Railroad tickets require cash and inquiries revealed that Phillips had left no bills nor other debts behind. Where was the money coming from? Probably he had borrowed from his brother, Frank the barber. Perhaps Waite would also become a barber.

In reality Waite wasn't borrowing from anyone. He had "a bone buried," consisting of $2,000, which he had accumulated during his years of wandering and working. He had deposited it in another bank.

Frank and another brother, L. E. Phillips, each dug up a "bone" and went into speculation in "wild-cat" oil wells.

The heart-broken Mr. Elliott heard occasionally of their ups and downs and though the ups seemed bigger than the downs, he had no doubt that such "crazy gambling" would only end in the poor-house.

However, neither Vera nor Waite disobeyed his order never to darken his door, asking for help. Finally came a time when he almost forgot them, in pressing troubles of his own.

In 1925, Iowa farmers who had branched out too much during the war years, found a glutted market for their crops and were unable to pay mortgage principal, interest or even taxes. The banker saw his mortgages which had once been so sound turning into frozen credits. Others saw it too, and started a run on the bank.

As the dreaded hour approached when Mr. Elliott must close the bank's doors for lack of currency, a tall man whom he had not seen for 18 years, walked in, grinning. Mr. Elliott had long before prepared a few well-chosen words for this occasion, but he was too heart-sick now to do more than ask what the caller wanted.

"I am the prodigal son-in-law but I am bringing the fatted calf with me," Waite answered. "Will a million in cash save you? If so I have it."

As a matter of fact, it took only $800,000 to make the timid depositors start putting their money back, as fast as they had been drawing it out.

"I just loaned the bank some money," is all Waite will ever say about the rescue. "What of it?"

Today probably only Waite Phillips, his accountants and the various tax-inspectors, assessors and collectors, know the amount of his wealth.

However, it is a fact that at one time he sold out a bunch of Oklahoma oil properties for $23,000,000 and that at the age of 43, he could have retired with at least a fortune of $40,000,000.

That is why the other day he was able to let go of $5,000,000 worth without making an economy lecture to Mrs. Phillips, and their son and daughter.

Many people imagine that to give away $5,000,000 is as simple as to give away a five-dollar bill, provided one has it to give. In reality, if done right, it is quite difficult and complicated. Even multimillionaires do not carry that amount in currency in their pockets, nor even in the banks, unless they have accumulated it, to purchase something.

Their wealth is mostly in some sort of property, buildings, factories, shops or land.

Mr. Phillips owned 91,500 acres of land in New Mexico, with a palatial ranch house, scores of other buildings, herds of Corriedale registered sheep, antelope and buffalo. Its orchards, last year, produced 15,000 bushels of apples and its mountains have been mined in a small way for coal, gold and iron. Some day, in the remote future, the property may return the millions sunk in it with interest and a profit.

But to what organization could he give such a place right now?

The Red Cross is in desperate need of every cent it can get but it does not want tracts of land. The Red Cross would have to sell the ranch for whatever could be gotten and among the tax-poor rich there are no customers these days.

One organization was especially adapted to use the great ranch, just as it was—the Boy Scouts.

It would be a simple matter to have just deeded the land over to the organization as he had done with Philturn, an adjoining ranch of 35,000 acres, many years before. Had he done only that, the gift would have been a white elephant for the boys who have no funds for the maintenance of such a vast estate.

To supply this need, he threw in his big business building, Philtower, third biggest in Tulsa. Even that was complicated. Turning the building over to a welfare organization meant that it would become tax-exempt, like church property.

Local and State governments were aghast at the prospect of losing all that tax money until they learned that Phillips had taken care of their headache, too. In the deed he specifies that the regular taxes are to be paid on all space occupied for competitive business.

O. Henry would have stopped right at that "fatted calf" episode and left it to the reader to assume that Mr. and Mrs. Phillips lived happily ever after.

They had their joys and glooms too, a son, Elliott and a daughter, Helen Jane, who has had an unquiet matrimonial life, like most heiresses. Waite has known his disappointments, striking salt water instead of oil as well as being deceived and betrayed in business deals. Such things upset him no more than a carpenter when his nail splits a piece of wood he has carefully fitted.

One thing is known to have been such a shock that it made Waite Phillips physically ill for many days. Some time ago, a well-known woman novelist was their guest at Philbrook, their $2,000,000 mansion at Tulsa. They entertained her royally and showed every room in the house. It is true that the place had more bathrooms than were really needed and in many places it was needlessly ornate and costly.

The host and hostess did not explain that much of this grandeur was a form of disguised charity, work created for skilled artisans, too proud to accept a penny as charity.

The novelist repaid their hospitality by writing a magazine article ridiculing oil millionaires and their goldplated faucets, etc. That experience made Mr. Phillips a miser of words. It is almost impossible to interview him on anything, even the weather, for fear of misrepresentation.

**The 23-Story Philtower Building, One of Tulsa's Most Imposing Office Structures, Which Will Provide a Permanent Endowment for Boy Scout Activities, Although It Still Stands as a Monument to Mr. Phillips' Success Story.**

**Hero of the Tale: Waite Phillips, Tulsa, Oklahoma, Financier and Philanthropist, Who Has Climaxed His Success Story by a Gift of His Ranch in New Mexico, and His 23-Story Tulsa Skyscraper to the Boy Scouts.**

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# THE WAR PUTS US ON OUR FEET AGAIN

## The Growing Shortage of Automobiles and Tires May Force Thousands of Us to Rediscover Our Legs

IT might be hard to convince some American citizens that there is a bright side to the wartime curbs on the sale of automobiles and tires. But, like many another inconvenience, it is quite possible that thousands of us will benefit from these drastic emergency restrictions on our comfort.

More than one authority on the human foot has expressed the opinion that Americans in all walks of life will actually enjoy rediscovering what their feet are for and that "hitting the road" is the best of exercise.

The nation's podiatrists and chiropodists have been telling us for a long time that we do not take proper care of our feet or use them nearly so often as nature intended. These gentlemen would not rob the world of such boons as the automobile but they do say that the motor car has made it too easy for hundreds of thousands of people to neglect their feet and the physical benefits to be had by using what the anatomists call our pedal extremities.

Not long ago no less an authority than the officials of the United States Public Health Service came out with the shocking and shameful fact that nine out of ten grownups in this country have foot defects of one kind or another. Even more uncomplimentary to the American way of life is the information that 70 per cent of all children ten years old or more have something wrong with their feet.

According to the experts there are several causes for this condition—which is especially bad for a nation at war. Chief among these causes is the fact that too many of us walk too little, so that our feet become relatively weak.

Another reason for our inadequate footing lies in our poor judgment when we buy shoes for ourselves and our youngsters. The too-narrow toe and the too-high heel have raised hob with the underpinnings of a large army of Americans, including citizens of both sexes and all ages.

Still another cause of our prodigious foot troubles can be laid to our failure to take as much care of our feet as we do our hands and our faces. If we were wise we would bathe our feet often and well, exercise them wisely, massage them and not allow corns or bunions to develop.

The photographs on this page show a few simple ways in which people without foot troubles serious enough to require expert attention can, literally, get back on their feet—to their own satisfaction and for the good of the country.

These pictures, taken in the salon of Peggy Sage, a well-known New York City authority on the care of the feet, show a few simple manipulations which can be done in the morning and at bedtime to rest tired feet and strengthen weak ones.

These maneuvers wisely provide plenty of exercise for the toes, which are much more important in walking than the average person imagines. One little sore spot on a toe can make walking torture and strain not only the muscles of the feet but the whole leg from heel to hip.

One of the photographs illustrates a point which may seem like "small potatoes" but which is of first importance—get the feet of your stockings long enough. A short stocking, even when it is worn inside a proper and comfortably designed shoe, forces the toes into an unnatural and cramped position.

Pressing the Ball of the Foot Firmly Against a Towel is a Simple and Excellent Method of Strengthening Weak and Tired Feet.

Twisting the Feet With a Rotary Motion Is Another Simple Exercise That Does a Lot of Good.

Rising on the Toes With the Heels Turned Outward Is an Awkward Position But Does Wonders to Restore Pep to Fatigued Feet.

ACME PHOTOS

Give Your Feet a Break and Buy Stockings Which Are Large Enough. Stockings That Are Too Tight Cramp the Toes and Add to Foot Weariness.

The Young Woman at the Right Isn't Making a Monkey of Herself—She Is Strengthening Her Tired Toes by Picking a Handkerchief Up With Them.

# Captured A Bear—Almost

JUST before the freeze-up of Maine lakes this winter Joe Oleander and Pete Sabati, two Deer River region guides, were approached by a man who wanted a bear for his roadside camp station near the town of Ellsworth.

"There's $50 a piece in it for you boys if you'll get me a good bear," he told them.

"Hm!" grunted Joe, "So you want a good one? Do you mean one with a good disposition or a big one?"

"Guess you better make it a good, big bear," grinned the customer.

Between Tim Pond and Kennebago Lake the guides trapped Bruin. A good bear in size but poor in disposition, they decided.

"We've got him in the hole all safe and sound," said Oleander.

"Sure," Sabati admitted, "but how are we going to get him out of the woods alive?"

"Tell you what, Joe," said Pete, "It's only a short way to the lake. Maybe we can find a raft, ferry him across Kennebago to the river and float down to Oquassoc easy as pie. Then the feller can cage him or take him out in a Pullman car for all we care."

The bear was more scared than aggressive and they got him out of the hole, a rope around one hind leg and another around his neck. Pete dragged and Joe held back and took a turn around a tree when Bruin started to get violent. They finally got the husky animal down to the water's edge.

There are several rafts used around the lumber camps on Lake Kennebago and on one of these the brute was finally anchored at one end.

"We begun scullin' the critter across the river," said Pete, later, "and we got within 100 feet of the shore when Joe, fool like, couldn't let well enough alone. Thought the bear had a little too much slack and tried to take it in.

"The cuss was foxy. He watched Joe out of his little red eyes and the minute he saw him untie that rope to take up the slack, he gave a mighty heave, yanked it out of Joe's hands and got his neck clear. He was loose except for ten feet of rope on one hind leg but that was enough. The bear saw his chance and charged us.

"Both of us dove overboard and the bear headed for shore, towing the raft and taking along our two rifles and a lot of grub we had aboard. Well, we swum ashore, borrowed Bill Jackson's skiff and started after the raft. We expected to find the bear held by the leg and fightin' mad. But all we found was the frayed rope which showed that our passenger had sat down and chewed himself loose.

"That camp agent at Ellsworth is still in the market for a live bear," says Joe Oleander.

"And he can catch his own," added Pete Sabati sagely. "I've decided I ain't no wild animal trainer."

# Washington's Human Air Raid Siren

THERE may be a shortage of air-raid sirens but the Department of Justice in Washington, D. C. isn't worrying too much as long as it has Harry Marselli of its tax division to warn its employes that enemy bombers are approaching and they'd better get in a safe place.

When the department's protection committee, set up to make sure all employes got safely to a place of shelter just in case of a raid on the nation's capital, found themselves sirenless some one thought of Mr. Marselli and his remarkable vocal accomplishments. It took but a few minutes to name him "official air raid siren" and to formally notify him that since it was "necessary to enlist the aid of a full-throated, suitable substitute, or ersatz barker," he was it as there was none better.

This was done in a letter from Thomas D. Quinn, administrative assistant to the Attorney General, who explained, in the course of his communication to Mr. Marselli, that there had been considerable speculation "as to the carrying qualities of the Marselli larynx." Some official had said that Mr. Marselli had the power to shatter windows at 50 feet with his booming bass voice. He went on to explain how all that doubt vanished when the window was ordered opened and the voice of super qualities was heard from several blocks distant.

As that settled the question the letter went on, in these words, to tell Mr. Marselli, in some detail of his new job: "There will be installed in your (Marselli's) office the usual facilities connected with the Army interceptor command and when the proper signal is given, you will proceed immediately to the center of the fountain in the main court and sound your 'A'. There will be no question as to the complete evacuation of the building."

Mr. Marselli, in his reply to Mr. Quinn said that he would be happy to serve as air raid siren if Mr. Quinn, to show his patriotism, would become aircraft spotter for the building "because of the great reputation you have for seeing small things."

Thus Uncle Sam may get two good men for defense posts.

# Thinks Cartoonists Make Uncle Sam Too Skinny

IN these days when the nation is firmly united to defeat Axis aggression there is at least one man who isn't satisfied with the way Uncle Sam is always drawn as a thin-faced and rangy individual. He wants him to look heavier—and tougher.

Reg Manning, the well-known cartoonist of the Arizona Republic, a newspaper in Phoenix, Arizona, got an unsigned fan letter to that effect the other day, from a member of the Pima Indian tribe. The writer complained that Uncle Sam, the symbol of this great country, was too skinny.

"I have notice the picture of Uncle same," he wrote "such a skiny being . . . . In pease time our Uncle Sam was frail because he is gentle and pease and loveing of freedom . . . Now the U. S. Army is strong.

"So, Reg Manning, please draw our Uncle Sam to look mighty. . . . Indians will be proud. Our brothers white will be proud all so.

"I rejected seven times on account of having old. Yet I am only 37 years. My chance will come."

Manning thinks there is something to this request to make Uncle Sam really look like the mighty fighter he is becoming and he may add just the right deft touches to his own portrayal in the future that will make the old gentleman look fully capable of swinging the Axis by the tail.



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# Embarrassing Climax to Artistic Ione's Revolutionary Romance

**Forsaking the Ivory Tower Where Painters Are Supposed to Dwell, She Dared the Hazards of a War-Torn World, Married a Spaniard and Then Learned That His First Wife and Three Children Had Not Been Killed After all**

IF Ione Robinson, beautiful and talented American painter, had stayed in the ivory tower—where artists, poets and the like are supposed to live, safe from rude contacts with the workaday world—she would have been spared a lot of unhappiness.

But Ione felt that art was not something to be cultivated in a hothouse, so she took her palette and brushes and stepped down into the market place where ordinary citizens go about the ordinary business of making money and war.

As a result, she got pushed around, saw some very seamy sights and today finds herself in a situation not unlike the one Tennyson described in his famous poem, "Enoch Arden"—only in her case the English, as they say in billiards, is reversed.

Enoch Arden, a British sailor, married his sweetheart, raised a family, then went off to sea and was shipwrecked on a desert island. When he was finally rescued and returned to his home port, he found that his wife, thinking him dead, had married another.

"The dead man come to life," stole up to the window of the newlyweds' cottage and, peering in, beheld—

"His wife, his wife no more, and saw the babe
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,
And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness
And his own children, tall and beautiful,
And him, that other,
reigning in his place,
Lord of his rights and
of his children's love."

A lesser man might have shattered this domestic scene by revealing himself, but Enoch—

". . . . . turning softly
like a thief,
Crept to the gate, and
opened it and closed
As lightly as a sick
man's chamber-door
Behind him and came
out upon the waste."

His appearance was so changed by the rigorous experiences he had undergone during the past years that no one recognized him; and he selflessly let this ignorance persist, living out the rest of his life in silence and anonymity until, on his deathbed, he disclosed his secret.

Like the wife in this story, Ione Robinson also has had two husbands, but she did *not* marry the second on the assumption that the first was dead. She was careful to divorce the latter, John Dillett, a shipping magnate, before wedding Senor Bibiano F. Osorio y Tafall, Commissar General of the former Spanish Republic.

But alas, in a war-torn world the most careful, even the most ethical plans of mice and men go oft astray.

Senor Tafall believed that his wife and three small children had been slaughtered by General Franco's troops. He had not witnessed the tragedy himself but had no reason to doubt the report of it which had been given him. Indeed, even without the report, he could hardly have expected anything else, for his home was in territory occupied by the rebels.

And, of course, the tenderness with which Franco's Moors treated even lowly victims was well known; in the case of the wife and children of a ranking Government official they would probably outdo themselves.

So neither Ione nor Bibi, as she called Senor Tafall, saw any hindrance to their romance in his being the father of an extinct family. In 1939, they were wed in Trujillo City, Dominican Republic, where he had fled from the conquering rebels; and from there they moved on to a more permanent sanctuary in Mexico.

A year later the senor's extinct family, like the mythical bird, the Phoenix, which used to cremate itself and then rise again from its own ashes, was resurrected in rumors sweeping through Mexico City.

Bibi and his bride separated at once, and in sorrow, pending such time as the rumors, which had been brought over by other refugees, could be either finally denied or confirmed.

The middle-aged groom and his friends in exile wrote abroad urgently for information, and in this one case, at least, General Franco proved willing to aid a man on whose head he had placed a price—willing because it offered a rare chance to discredit him.

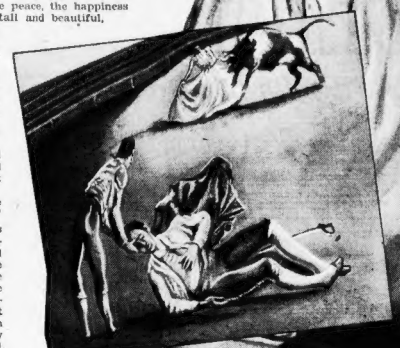
The results of the correspondence were made public a little while ago when Ione went before a New York Supreme Court Referee with a request for an annulment of her second marriage and permission to resume her maiden name.

She was the only witness, the places of the others being taken by a lot of fancy, beribboned documents from Spanish and American embassies here and abroad, all bearing out her charge that Dona Josefa, Bibi's first wife, and their three children were miraculously still alive.

She neither asked for alimony nor showed any feelings but sadness and a desire to protect the man who, she insisted, had had no intention to lie or deceive her.

Then Franco had his innings in the form of a document stating that Bibi's first marriage was still in force and that he had been found guilty of bigamy before the Spanish courts.

There was also submitted a letter from Dona Josefa herself, to the effect that the reports of her death had been greatly exaggerated.

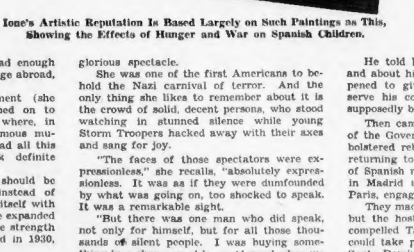


One of the Paintings Ione Made While Visiting Spain During the Civil War.

With the Flourish of a Sinister Magician, General Franco Produced the Supposedly Dead Wife and Three Children Who Broke Up Ione's Marriage.

Senor Bibiano F. Osorio y Tafall, Commissar General of the Former Spanish Republic, Who Thought His Entire Family Had Been Wiped Out by the Rebels.

Ione Robinson, Talented Painter, Whose Adventurous Spirit Led Her Into an "Enoch Arden" Situation—With Reverse English.



Ione's Artistic Reputation Is Based Largely on Such Paintings as This, Showing the Effects of Hunger and War on Spanish Children.

And last of all came a statement from Bibi, who was still hiding out in Mexico.

"I had been told by one I believed to be an eye-witness," he said, "that my wife had been killed in the Fascist rebellion. My friend said he saw her killed by the Fascist soldiers. At that time, we had been separated three years. I have since discovered that she is alive and living with the three children at Pontevedra, Spain."

So the referee recommended the annulment, which Ione had asked for without wanting, and thus ended the saddest adventure which had befallen her since she had quit her ivory tower in the 1920's.

That break had not been a hard one, for she had not lived in it long enough to get used to its refinements. Still in her teens, she had run away from what she considered the stuffy atmosphere of the Pennsylvania Academy, where her doting parents, who lived in Portland, Oregon, had sent her to study art, and settled in New York's Bohemian quarter, Greenwich Village.

But she soon decided that Greenwich Village was not the answer, either. After dreary weeks of trying to make ends meet in a cold water flat, of painting platefuls of fruit and then practising a kind of cannibalism by eating the fruit used for models, she got a job in an interior decorating establishment.

While there, the breaks started coming her way. Her paintings began to sell, and presently she had enough money to fiance an artistic pilgrimage abroad, via steerage.

But Paris was a disappointment (she thought it "messy") so she pushed on to Italy and then back to Mexico, where, in association with Diego Rivera, famous muralist, the vague ideal which she had all this time been pursuing finally took definite shape.

This ideal was that painting should be permanent, preferably on walls instead of canvas, and that it should concern itself with the everyday life of the people. She expanded these views into a thesis and on the strength of it won a Guggenheim art award in 1930, when she was 19 years old.

Never before had this honor been given to anyone so young.

Some people ride hobbies; Ione rode her ideal, which from the first showed a tendency to carry her into dangerous places. She found it impossible to take a sympathetic interest in "the everyday life of the people" without running head on into Fascism.

Simple, unoffending men and women were being tortured and beaten for no particular reason in Germany, so she went to Germany to see for herself. She arrived in the middle of one of the worst pogroms.

From morning until night she heard the ax falling on glass and wood, on anything that stood in a Jewish shop and had value. She saw one man, alone, beset by fifteen Storm Troopers and left lying on the ground. She saw a woman knocked down for protesting. And she saw another woman, holding up a crying baby so that it would miss none of the glorious spectacle.

She was one of the first Americans to behold the Nazi carnival of terror. And the only thing she likes to remember about it is the crowd of solid, decent persons, who stood watching in stunned silence while young Storm Troopers hacked away with their axes and sang for joy.

"The faces of those spectators were expressionless," she recalls, "absolutely expressionless. It was as if they were dumfounded by what was going on, too shocked to speak. It was a remarkable sight.

"But there was one man who did speak, not only for himself, but for all those thousands of silent people. I was buying something in a shop owned by an 'Aryan' when we suddenly heard that familiar crash of glass again.

"It was coming from a Jewish furniture store across the street.

"I started to run out to take a look, but the man from whom I was buying pleaded with me not to. He said, 'You are an American and I don't want you to look at this Germany. These aren't the people of my country doing this thing!'

It is to be hoped that this man, if he is still alive, and others like him will soon again find not only their voices but also weapons with which to implement them and help bring back the Germany they want.

When the Spanish people were struggling for their life, Ione went to Spain. The Loyalist Government had invited her to do a series of paintings, the receipts to go for the care of wounded soldiers.

And it was among the alarms and excursions of that war, a preliminary to the present one, that her romance with Senor Tafal began.

In all, they met only three times, and briefly at that, before their marriage.

Her first sight of him came when she was on her way to the Ebro front. Stopping off at an officers' school, she heard Senor Tafall, an ex-college professor, who, after serving as Minister of the Interior, then Minister of Labor, had become Commissar General of the Republic, make a speech.

What effect the speech had on the officers is not known, but Ione was deeply moved.

Their second meeting occurred during the dispersing of the famous international brigades at Poblet. Eye-witnesses have described this event—the mustering out of service of many gallant men who had come from all over the world to fight for what they believed in—as the most stirring they had ever seen.

Ione shared this feeling, and it was increased and personalized by her interesting conversations with Senor Tafall.

He told her many things about the war and about himself, among them how he happened to give up his scholarly pursuits to serve his country and how his family had supposedly been killed.

Then came the catastrophe, the final rout of the Government forces before the Fascist-bolstered rebel army. Ione fled to England, returning to Paris to help in the evacuation of Spanish refugees. Tafall, who had stayed in Madrid until the very end, was also in Paris, engaged in the same work.

They made their plans to be married there, but the hostility of the French Government compelled Tafall to flee before the wedding could take place. And Ione followed him to Santo Domingo.

Before settling down in Mexico, the bride and groom undertook one last trip to Europe, in the hope of being able to restore some sort of unity to the Spanish people. But they were too late, the Nazis were already marching.

After watching Paris fall, they joined the refugees streaming south, and from still neutral Italy took ship back to this hemisphere.

By now, Ione has achieved an enviable reputation in the art world, much of it based on the paintings she did in Spain.

Several examples of these are reproduced on this page. They are not concerned with the more theatrical aspects of war but—in line with her chief interest—the effect of war on the everyday life of the people.

This same interest will soon take her abroad again—to England—where Enoch Arden was supposed to have lived and suffered and where today there is scarcely an ivory tower left, thanks to Hitler's bombs.

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# Dan Parker Dissects KIBITZERS

*Kibitzers Existed and Functioned Way Back in Ancient Egypt, So Tomb Painters Reveal, and Kibitzed Even in the Palaces Where Pharaohs "Phaded" Each Other.*

*The Sidewalk Kibitzer Is an Old Phenomenon, and Nowadays Building Contractors Recognize Them by Providing Spaces From Which They Can Watch Excavations.*

**By DAN PARKER,**
**Famous Sports Commentator and Collector of Odd Characters.**

DO KIBITZERS deserve the protection of the law or should they be fair game for victims of their peculiar art? It would take the wisdom of a Solomon to decide this age-old question.

Oddly enough, a Solomon would have sat in judgment of it in Flatbush Court, Brooklyn, recently had not kibitzer and kibitzee patched up their differences before the court and thus left Magistrate Charles Solomon no recourse but to dismiss the case.

Nathan Lefkowitz, 78, and the best kibitzer in the memory of the oldest inhabitant of the Bensonhurst section of Brooklyn, had sworn out a summons for his old friend and neighbor, Joseph Levy, a pinochle player who yields to no man in Brooklyn in his ability to meld 150 trumps.

It came about during a three-hand auction pinochle game in a Bensonhurst coffee house when the player who drew the kitty got two jacks of diamonds which would have filled out a flush but somehow or other overlooked them and tossed in his cards.

"Oi!" moaned Nathan Lefkowitz, Bensonhurst's kibitzing champion. "It shouldn't happen gradually to a Japanese spaniel!"

Thus warned, the kitty player saw his error and pulled back his cards—as was his right, since he had made the other two bid. As a result of the kibitzer's tactless remarks the other two players had to shell out 50 cents each to the careless fellow.

One of the victims of Lefkowitz's kibitzing became purple with rage, as he paid off. This one was Joseph Levy, known in the neighborhood as "The Melder From Minsk."

Levy exploded:

"Lefkowitz! By me you talk too much, already! A good kibitzer shouldn't be making so much noise, yet, with the tongue! Silent, he should be, and obsoiving! Are you catching wise to me, sonny boy?" and, with that, threw the pack of cards in his face.

Humiliated beyond words, Lefkowitz hobbled off to the Flatbush court, resolved to have the law on Levy and settle, once and for all, the question of whether a kibitzer has the right to expect the same protection from the law as any other human being—or, as Levy, the defendant, expressed it later—"as a human being."

But, alas! A bit of extra special kibitzing before court opened brought about a reconciliation between Lefkowitz and Levy and so a fine point of law which has troubled mankind down through the ages remains unsettled.

*Even Kibitzers Have Their Own Parasites. The Kibitzer's Kibitzer Is a "Dorbitzer," and Even the "Dorbitzer" Has His "Tsitzer," Whom Gamblers Regard as the Lowest Form of Life.*

Although its name is of comparatively recent origin, kibitzing is one of the prehistoric arts. There are in existence Egyptian tomb paintings which show Pharaohs "phading" or covering each other's bets in crap games, while kibitzers, from their time-honored stations in the rear, offer advice.

Since the dawn of time, whenever men have gathered to do something, whether in the nature of work or play, they have attracted a circle of onlookers who feel it their duty to do the heavy thinking for those engaged in the task at hand. It is this instinct which makes us tarry by an excavation where workmen are digging a building foundation.

When Radio City was being built, the Rockefeller family, recognizing this deep-rooted instinct, constructed a 30-foot platform for the convenience of construction kibitzers or sidewalk superintendents. From this vantage point, such noted kibitzers as Ruth Barrow, president of the Jersey City Medical Center Sidewalk Superintendents Club, Kenneth Booth, the former Harvard tackle, and Al Smith kibitzed many a happy hour away.

However, it is in card-playing circles that the kibitzer reaches his zenith.

The word "kibitz" is Yiddish slang. It doesn't derive from any Yiddish or Hebrew root but is merely a phoenetic attempt to describe the act it designates. Translated literally into Americanese, it means "to kid."

Although it has been a Yiddish colloquialism for at least 40 or 50 years, it didn't come into general usage until a decade ago when Jo Swerling's play, "The Kibitzer," in which Edward G. Robinson had his first starring role, enjoyed a long Broadway run. The press agent for this show did a fine build-up job for months in advance, with the unsuspecting cooperation of the "Letters to the Editor" departments of newspapers.

First, someone, who by a strange coincidence happened to be the publicity man engaged in putting over the show, wrote to the editor demanding information as to the meaning of the strange word, "kibitzer," he had heard on the East Side. A few such letters, judiciously planted, drew a flood of replies and started a controversy that was kept flaming for months—or, until the curtain was ready to rise on "The Kibitzer."

Kibitzing developed into a fine art in the coffee houses of New York's East Side where pinochle and klabiash, the latter a Hungarian card game, are played. Everyone is a second guesser by nature. That is why baseball has its grandstand managers, football its Monday morning quarterbacks, and the Navy, its dry-land admirals.

The breed may be regarded with disfavor in other fields but in card-playing circles, the kibitzer is accepted as a necessary adjunct of the game, like an umpire in baseball or a dummy hand in bridge. Some kibitzing takes the form of kidding but this levity is frowned upon by the true kibitzer who takes his profession seriously. A conscientious kibitzer never makes light of his role and derives more enjoyment out of watching others play and showing them the error of their ways than in taking a hand himself.

The motto of the kibitzing klan is the old Dutch proverb: "De beste stuurlui staan aan wal," meaning: "The best pilots stand on the shore."

While an East Side kibitzer enjoys a high rating, automatically, in any kibitzing circles in which he chooses to operate, he really doesn't become cum Laude until he has taken a post graduate course in the Borscht Belt, also known as the Litvak Alps. Officially, the region is designated as the Catskills and it is contained in Sullivan (pronounced "Solomon") County in upper New York State.

Here are located the hundreds of summer boarding houses which cater to the East Side vacation trade. And here the profession of kibitzing was analyzed and broken down into its three main classifications.

This survey revealed that the man behind the card player is the kibitzer. With three or four potential kibitzers for every player, it is easy to see that complexities would develop if the kibitzing were confined to one kibitzer per player. To provide jobs for the unemployed kibitzers, therefore, several grades of kibitzing specialists have been evolved.

When a kibitzer has learned his profession thoroughly and knows the right time to whistle, or when the occasion calls for a "Pfui!" he is graduated into the ranks of the dorbitzers.

A dorbitzer kibitzes only kibitzers, pointing out the errors they have made in second-guessing the player's playing. Most exalted members of the entire kibitzing profession are the tsitzers.

These highly devoloped specialists never utter a word. But what eloquence and meaning they can put into a scornful "Tsk!" when they have caught the dorbitzer erroneously dorbitzing the kibitzer for kibitzing the player. It takes a rather important game of pinochle or "klob" to call for three-deep kibitzing, however, and seldom does the tzitzer function outside of the Borscht Belt.

There is a beginners' class for apprentice kibitzers. Known as momitzers, members of this class are not permitted to address a player without first getting the consent of his kibitzer.

Harry Hershfield, the comic strip artist and wit, who has made a lifelong study of the genus kibitzer, reports that members of the brotherhood are getting so "uptown Yankee Doodle boy" in their outlook that they now insist upon being called "appraisers."

A shrewd player in a card game that is being kibitzed will study the faces of the kibitzers, dorbitzers and tzitzers, rather than those of the other players, in order to get the lay of the hand. A kibitzer's kisser or the twitching schnozzle of an excited dorbitzer will often reveal more than a good, substantial gander at an opposing player's hand.

The true kibitzer is happiest when he catches a player making a blunder. Therefore, he shuns fellows like Eli Culbertson or Nick the Greek, who know where every diamond is and just who has a heart. Some kibitzers are extremely vocal, but use a brand of double talk understood only by themselves and the player they are kibitzing. Others swing and sway like that band leader.

*Constant Occupational Exertion Invariably Develops for the Kibitzer an Ostrich Neck.*

Then there are the face-contortionists and the kicking kibitzers who throw a meaningful bunion. Some kibitzers are whistlers, even.

In this category was the kibitzer who sat behind Johnny Attell, the fight promoter, in a poker game in Washington recently and, with progressively increasing degrees of eye-popping, watched Johnny get the first four cards of a royal flush. When the fifth card was dealt and turned out to be the one out of 48 that would complete the royal flush, the kibitzer emitted a whistle like the exhaust of a locomotive. As he whistled, the other players, forewarned, threw down their hands, leaving the small pot to Attell, who had been losing steadily for an hour.

Turning angrily on the whistling kibitzer, Attell was about to give him the tongue-lashing of his career when the "whistlitzer" held up his hand for silence and said:

"I don't blame you for getting mad at me. But, after all, you've got to consider the fact that, in all my years of kibitzing, it's the first time I ever saw anyone make a royal flush and the strain was too much for me!"

Mad as he was, Attell burst out laughing at the kibitzer's explanation.

Sammy Wolff, Chicago sportsman, established a custom at his poker games recently which, if adopted nationally, will be a severe blow to the kibitzing profession. He made a rule that anyone who wanted to kibitz would have to put $2 in the pot before the game started. This rule is now strictly enforced whenever Sammy's set shuffles the pasteboards.

Kibitzing probably attained its most imperious form one night during the late racing season at the Bay Meadows track, San Mateo, Calif. Each night after the racing was over, it was the custom of a group of horsemen to gather in the clubhouse for a session of bridge.

On this particular night, a trainer who didn't understand the game very well held a hand and made blunder after blunder. It took the patience of Job and the silence of the Sphinx for the tout who stood behind him, kibitzing his hand, to keep composed under the circumstances. But, finally, the player made a mistake of such magnitude that, without a word, the kibitzer grabbed the cards from his hand, tore them into a thousand bits.

A kibitzer develops ostrich-like agility of the neck from constantly peering over shoulders from difficult angles, into hands played close to the vest, up under the schnozzle or down against the table. Complications sometimes develop, however, which make it difficult for the man behind the throne to do a good job of kibitzing—no matter how resilient his neck may be. There was the case of the cloak and suit merchant whose eyesight was so bad he had to wear thick-lens glasses and even then couldn't see anything unless he brought it up to within an inch or two of his face.

To make matters worse for the kibitzer who stood behind him, craning his neck and straining his eyes, the cloak and suit merchant was drinking hot coffee, the steam from which covered his glasses with mist.

The kibitzer put up with this annoyance as long as he could. Then, with his neck twisted into the semblance of a coiled snake, he tapped the garment manufacturer on the shoulder and, with ill-concealed irritation, said:

"If you'll be so kindly, Morris, won't you please be wiping off the eye-glasses? I can't see the cards through the mist."

The art of kibitzing in all its ramifications is epitomized in the story of the utter stranger who walked into Meyer's Galitzianer Busy Bee on lower Second Avenue and took his place behind one of the players in a card game.

Seeing this man about to take the four of clubs out of his hand, the stranger nudged him and whispered hoarsely: "Not the four. Play the seven."

Taken aback, the player hesitated, then obeying some blind impulse, did as directed. He won the trick.

When it was his turn to play again, he reached for the jack of hearts but the kibitzer checked him up once more:

"Don't play the jack. The ten!"

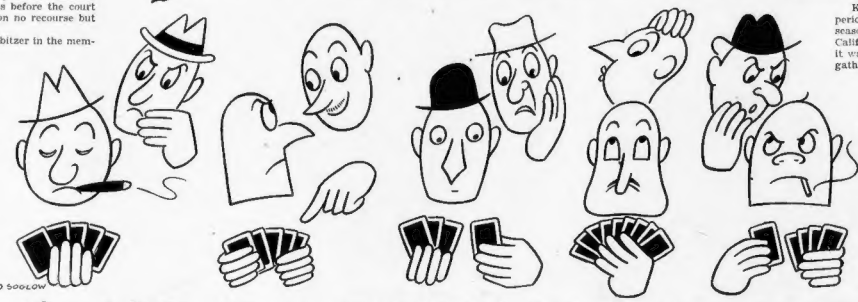
This time the player didn't hesitate. With a sound thump on the table, to show his complete confidence, he slammed down the ten and raked in the trick.

When it came his turn again, the player turned to the kibitzer and asked:

"Would you play the four or the nine this time?"

"I'm glad you asked," replied the kibitzer, "because I was just going to inquire what game you're playing!"

*Here's Another Type of Kibitzer, But Not Eligible for the Kibitz Union.*



*No Card Player Is Adequately Equipped Without His Kibitzer, Who Takes His Traditional Position Behind the Player From Which He Can See the Hands and Whisper "Tsk! Tsk!" Into His Victim's Ear.*



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# End of Mickey's Long Trail of Many Loves

**Young and Irrepressible Mr. Rooney, Still Hollywood's Box-Office Prodigy, Was, At 21, Also the Glamour Town's No. 1 Phenomenon in Romance—Until Pretty Ava Gardner Took Him Out of Circulation**

IT SEEMS only a few months ago that Hollywood's No. 1 Man of Many Loves was just a fresh, freckled-faced kid, irrepressible, over-confident, but aside from all that, an ace box-office attraction.

Now, as if by some magic transition, Mickey Rooney is a married man, with a trail of eliminated and palpitating feminine hearts behind him; some of them comforted by other romances and others by their own marriages.

The lad, who became a movie prodigy, is also a romantic phenomenon. Up until his recent marriage to Ava Gardner, 19-year-old actress, he topped the romantic reputations and even the hypnotic glamour of such gentlemen heart-breakers as John Barrymore, Clark Gable, Erroll Flynn and some other fellows who, by all the rules, should, but probably don't, know lots more about life and women's hearts than Mickey.

Young Mickey seems to have won his title, Man of Many Loves, hands down and without half trying. All the girls to whom he devoted himself at odd times were extraordinarily talented or extraordinarily beautiful and in some instances, especially the secret ones, ladies who, you'd never believe, could get so romantically agitated over a kid, ladies who forgot to act their age.

Some of the experts on tender passions have explained it all by observing that M. Rooney succeeded unconsciously in his love affairs; that he packed a terrific wallop by being just natural. They added that perhaps the real secret of his power to charm women lay in the fact that Mickey might be a brat, but never a bore.

Mickey wouldn't know how to be one. He's a top athlete, plays the piano like a professional, tap dances with the best of them, has a phenomenal talent for mimicry, speaks four languages and plays almost every instrument in a band. There's never a dull moment on a date with Mickey.

Of this debonair young heart-breaker, a famous film reporter once wrote:

"The surest way to get ahead in Hollywood is to get engaged to Mickey Rooney, and be seen in all the gay places.

"Sheila Ryan was just another little gal trying to get along in Hollywood until suddenly her name became linked with M. Rooney. Sheila managed to be seen almost every night in some gay spot or another and her publicity is now paying dividends. Maybe Sheila is smarter than we think in ignoring the old adage—little girls should be seen and not heard. Sheila will now be seen and heard so maybe playing the game Hollywood's way is best, after all."

Love bloomed early in the young heart of Mickey Rooney.

When he was just 15 he admitted that he and 10-year-old Dorothy Gray, child actress, had been "best friends" for several years. When he was 16, he declared in Twin Falls, Idaho, where he was visiting a cousin, that he would marry Miss June Hansen of Hollywood.

"Mickey was just talking," his mother said. "Besides, I wouldn't give my consent at his age, anyway."

Romance was again the reason why Our Hero turned up in Omaha, Nebraska, instead of Kansas City in October, 1938, as he had planned previously, according to his mother.

This time the object of his affections was Marian Hughes, pretty 18-year-old daughter of an Omaha newspaper man. Mickey met her when he was making "Boys' Town," and later admitted she was his heavy heart interest.

Then along came new love again. This time Mickey had it bad for Lillian Long. They shopped for orchids and dined together often.

But of course that was before Mickey met Linda Darnell.

Until then Hollywood columnists had him playing the field as far as best girls go.

But along came Linda.

This time even the wisest commentators were taken in for they all agreed that at last Rooney had really fallen, and fallen hard for the young Texas beauty. They were seen together for a long time and Mickey walked on air for weeks telling the world that Linda was his girl. Finally they broke up because Linda's childhood sweetheart, Jaime Yorba, of Mexico, popped into the picture too many times.

Then he met Gene Tierney.

It was after they had spent much time together and made frequent visits to Santa Anita racetrack to see Mickey's race horse, that he said to a writer, "I think I'll marry her."

So with starlight in Gene's eyes, and $100 a week spending money in his pocket, it looked like love again for Our Hero who was seen at morning, noon, and occasionally a nightery with Gene on his arm.

But the young society beauty and actress is now the Countess Gene Cassini. She was married to Count Oleg Cassini, Hollywood dress designer, last June.

For a while Mickey was attentive to Gloria Lloyd, Harold Lloyd's daughter, and at another time his heart interest was reputed to be Ileyne "Sugar" Sugarman, daughter of a Beverly Hills cafe owner. She is now engaged to Marshall Schellhardt.

Diana Lewis was once said to be Mickey's best girl.

When he heard of her elopement in 1940 with actor William Powell, Mickey grinned his familiar ear-to-ear grin and said:

"Mr. Powell must be more suave than I am."

Then he pointed out that he and Diana hadn't gone out together for more than a year.

"I certainly wish Diana and Mr. Powell a lot of happiness," he added.

It was in 1936 that Diana, then a 15-year-old Santa Monica high school girl, was the object of Mickey's terrific crush. The debonair young-man-about-Hollywood, who was also 15, took her out every chance he got to midget auto races, the beach and to shows.

They met when she appeared with him in "Andy Hardy Meets Debutante."

The romantic season of the brash, adolescent actor was split wide open again in November, when tall, willowy Valerie "Dolly" Thon, Chicago dancer, issued waivers on him.

"When we met in his studio at Hollywood four years ago, he was just a kid, 17, and I was only 16. But in the last few years Mickey has matured, actually grown up. At 21 he's so different."

It was in 1940 that the gay Lothario had wangled a change of dates on his personal appearance tour so he could appear at the Chicago Theatre simultaneous with Dolly Thon's opening in the Empire Room at the Palmer House.

Mickey has always been crazy about Judy Garland, but not in a romantic way. They were never sweethearts, just good pals who knew each other as kids and grew up together. They co-starred in many pictures and Mickey always treated Judy like the girl next door. Nevertheless he is her best booster, next to song writer Dave Rose, whom she married in July.

The One Woman in Mickey's Life, Ava Gardner, Now Mrs. Mickey, Upon Whom the Heart of the 21-Year-Old-Lothario, Shown Above, Is Concentrated. At the Left, Is Mickey As He Looked When a Freckled-Face Brat, Which Seems Only Yesterday.

Some of Mickey's Girl Friends Won His Heart, But Floored Him by Marrying Other Gentlemen. Gene Tierney Surprised Him by Marrying Count Oleg Cassini.

Of course Mickey's mother, Mrs. Nell Pankey, has always been his best girl. As Mickey says, "Anything for Mom." Unlike many movie mothers, she has stayed in the background and made a real home for her son. They live a simple life on Mickey's five-acre walnut ranch in Encino, where the census taker who came around in 1940, after counting his dogs, cats, rabbits, chickens, turkeys, geese and miscellaneous livestock, listed him as a farmer.

But at last real love found Mickey.

He is Ava Gardner's husband.

Ava, a Southern beauty with an accent to match, is a brunette with green eyes and a dimpled chin. Five feet four inches tall with her shoes on, she's a couple of inches taller than Mickey.

She came to Hollywood six months ago after being offered a film career unsolicited. Her experience reads like a story book.

She was vacationing from a secretarial course at Atlantic Christian College, North Carolina, when opportunity knocked. She applied for a modeling job at the John Powers Agency in New York and was accepted. The very next day a talent scout happened to see her picture in a photographer's window. He sought her out and insisted she take a screen test, which she passed 100 per cent. When she caught her breath she was winging her way to Hollywood with her sister, Beatrice. Soon after arriving she signed a long-term contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios —and met Mickey.

She met him very much in the usual way. It was in the early part of July, her second day in Los Angeles. She was having lunch at the studio commissary with Leslie Peterson, Mickey's press agent. Mickey happened by and stopped at their table to ask what time he was expected at a Chinese relief benefit parade in which he was to appear. He was introduced to Ava.

Later he phoned her and made an engagement for that evening. He got off to a bad start for he was late for their first date. The parade held him up. By the time he met Ava it was too late to go to a movie so they had a sandwich in a drive-in and he took her home.

Butterfly wings had already begun to bat around in Mickey's tummy.

Last September when he was 21, his mother gave a birthday party for him at the Cocoanut Grove. Nobody noticed it then, but "Mom" was seated at his right and Ava was on his left.

Unsuspecting, Hollywood went about its own business.

Next significant event took place at a novelty counter in Cheyenne, Wyoming, where Mickey had jumped off between trains, bought an Indian doll and mailed it to her.

In the early Fall they had a few bowling dates, attended Sunday afternoon football games, and in between the dancing, dramatic and music lessons Ava was taking, she would stop at his set to see him.

Then one day the studio had a report from a Mrs. Jonas B. Gardner in North Carolina, that her daughter, Ava, was engaged to Mickey Rooney.

Happy to confirm the announcement, Mickey admitted:

"It makes me very proud to be able to say it is true. Ava is a wonderful girl, and when she promised to marry me she made me the happiest man in the world.

"I fell head over heels in love with her the very first moment I set eyes on her."

Well, the wedding was set for January 10 last, but work on the picture set delayed it for 24 hours. The ceremony took place in Ballard, Cal. It was a sequestered event.

In October Mickey gave Ava a friendship ring with a large topaz setting, and on Christmas Eve, which was her 19th birthday, he slipped an emerald cut diamond on the significant finger.

Theirs was not a night club romance by any amount of means, for, contrary to Hollywood custom, they didn't hire a cafe, stage a party, and tell the good news with background music of gurgling champagne. It was announced very properly in the good old-fashioned way by Ava's mother and her hometown newspaper. The day it was announced Mickey sent Ava two dozen roses.

It is easy enough in Hollywood to find a girl that men like, but Ava is a girl that women like, too. She is the kind of girl that insisted Mickey take her to the county fair. She loves to romp around in sport clothes. They spent the day going from booth to booth and the more her hair blew the less she cared about it as they drove home in his open car.

Ava, the youngest of five daughters, was living in a modest apartment in Hollywood with her eldest sister, Beatrice, who works in a department store.

She has already appeared in two motion pictures, "We Were Dancing," and "Joe Smith, American." In grooming her for starring roles diction coaches are busy eliminating her Southern accent.

Although his marriage excludes Mickey from the naive group in private life, his status as a husband won't affect his youthful screen character, for the Andy Hardy scripts in which he stars are making a mint of money.

So while he is a married man after office hours, he is still the kid sensation of the box office.

This is the third year that exhibitors all over the country have voted him the biggest box-office attraction in the motion picture industry.



Valerie (Dolly) Thon, Dancer, and One of Mickey's Early Loves, Who Found Out It Wasn't Really Love At All.

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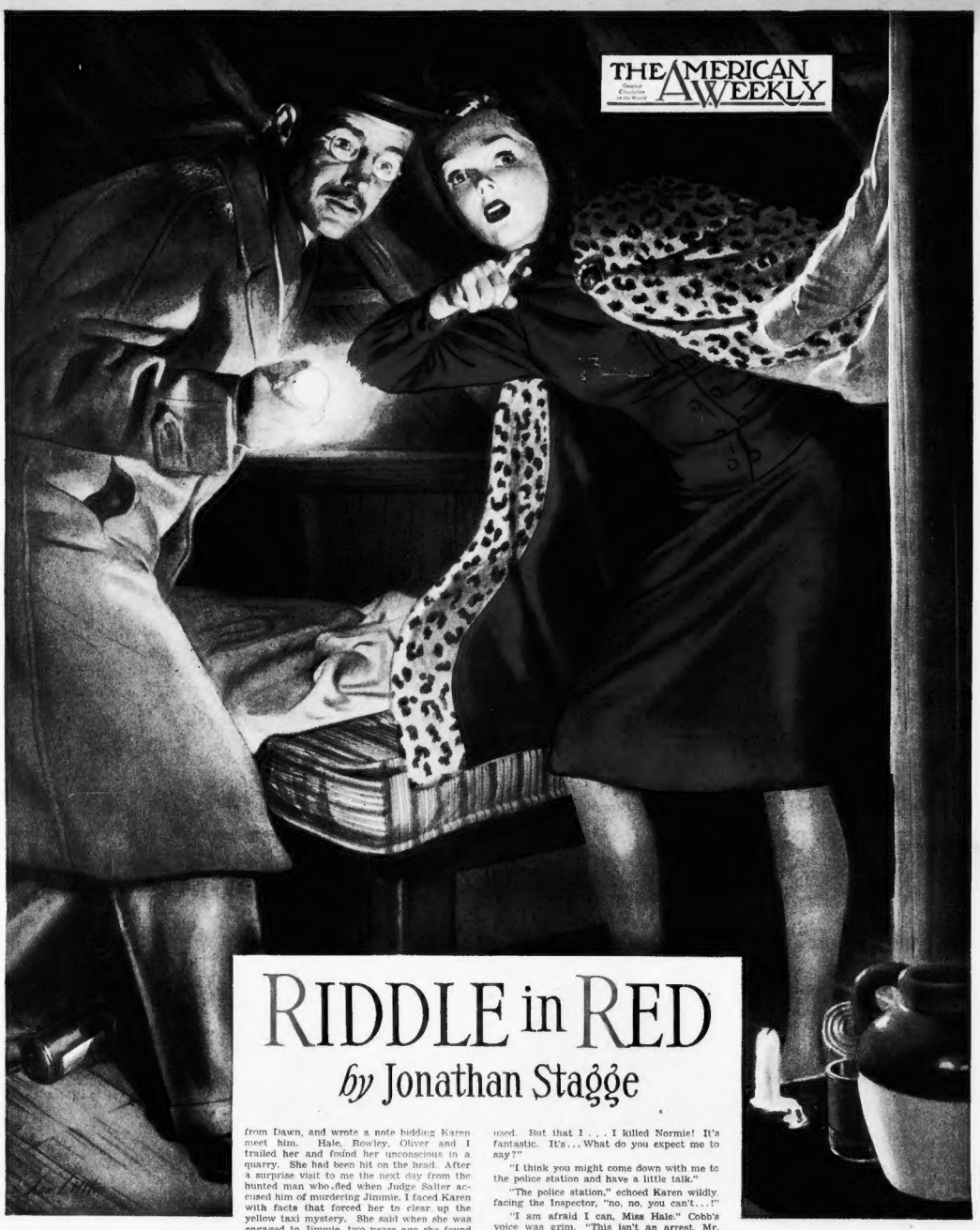


*"Doctor Westlake, Look Quickly!" Cried Karen, Pointing to the Heavy Door by Which He Had Entered. To His Horror He Saw It Was Closing as If by Some Supernatural Agency.*

# RIDDLE in RED

## *by* Jonathan Stagge

"GUESS he was our murderer," said police Inspector Cobb to me, looking at Albert Williams, taxi driver, dead with a bullet wound in his head and a pistol in his hand. He had been hunted after the strange death two days before of lovely red-haired Norma Hale. She had told me in my home in quiet Kenmore that she and a friend, Libby Brompton had done something terrible involving others. "Dr. Westlake," she said, "I am pursued by a man in a yellow taxi and I fear I am going to be murdered in revenge." Libby had been found dead months before, after the taxi driver had threatened her and sworn to settle with Norma and Karen, Norma's red-haired twin sister.

Going to Norma's home, nearby, I met Persis, her divorced mother, now Mrs. David Rowley, Mrs. Rowley's sister, Grace, wife of Judge Salter, Oliver Church, engaged to Norma, David, the Judge and Karen. They were hanging Christmas lights on the trees. Soon Norma galloped up the drive in the dark, screamed and toppled. I saw a yellow taxi slide away. Norma's neck was broken and my young daughter, Dawn found a wire had been strung over the drive, convincing Cobb and me Norma had been murdered. Francis Hale, the twins' father, then told me Persis and Grace got $60,000 a year from the will of their father, Samuel Shipton, which gave $20,000 a year each to Jimmie Salter, Grace's son, Norma and Karen, on marriage, or on reaching twenty-five. Jimmie had died in an accident. Now Norma was dead, Hale said the women were capable of liquidating the children to save their own income.

This murder motive receded after a man, evidently the taxi driver, borrowed paper from Dawn, and wrote a note bidding Karen meet him. Hale, Rowley, Oliver and I trailed her and found her unconscious in a quarry. She had been hit on the head. After a surprise visit to me the next day from the hunted man who fled when Judge Salter accused him of murdering Jimmie, I faced Karen with facts that forced her to clear up the yellow taxi mystery. She said when she was engaged to Jimmie, two years ago she found he was making love to Libby. To pay him off, Norma, Libby and she got him drunk, put him in a taxi, gave the driver liquor for him and told him to take his passenger to Judge Salter. The taxi crashed. Jimmie was killed. The girls made no plea for the driver who went to jail. When freed, he tried to blackmail Libby who Karen insisted killed herself. While talking to Rowley after this revelation, I heard a shot, and we found the taxi driver dead in Rowley's barn by a lighted brazier with one cartridge missing from the gun in his hand. Suicide was taken for granted and it was after the horrified family left for the house that Cobb remarked we had "our murderer." But he soon unearthed evidence indicating the man had been dragged from the barn loft and then shot.

Seeking motive, he asked about Oliver. As we talked, Rowley appeared and said Oliver and Karen wanted to marry at once. Cobb went out with him. Soon after, I found a cartridge case in the brazier and then joined the others at the house. There, Hale identified as Oliver's, the gun Cobb had taken from the taxi driver. Oliver, too, was the only one with no alibi in the scene just before the shooting. As Cobb questioned him, Karen cried: "Oliver, don't you see, he's trying to say you killed that man and killed Normie."

**(And Now Go on With the Story)**

**XXIV**

OLIVER Church was too stunned to try to defend himself. He just stood there; his broad, athlete's shoulders sagging, his dark, restless eyes flickering aimlessly around the room.

"This is absolutely crazy," he faltered to Cobb, "I don't understand about my gun being used. But that I . . . I killed Normie! It's fantastic. It's . . . What do you expect me to say?"

"I think you might come down with me to the police station and have a little talk."

"The police station," echoed Karen wildly facing the Inspector, "no, no, you can't . . . !"

"I am afraid I can, Miss Hale." Cobb's voice was grim. "This isn't an arrest, Mr. Church. I just have certain questions I'd like to ask you. If you can answer them satisfactorily . . ." He shrugged. Then, suddenly crisp and official: "You'll be ready to come right away?"

Oliver looked blankly at Karen and then made a helpless little gesture with his hands. "Okay. I guess so."

"Good." Cobb made as if to move to the door and then paused, turning to David Rowley. I believe Mr. Church works for your company."

Rowley looked surprised. "Why, yes."

"Perhaps you'd be good enough to have a word with me before Church and I go to the station."

Rowley said: "Why — er — sure. We can go into the bar."

"Okay. Westlake, you might as well come too."

The three of us adjourned to the bar. I had guessed pretty much what Cobb was going to ask, and I was right.

"This is strictly confidential you understand, Rowley, but, as Church's boss, I thought you could maybe give me a slant on his financial status."

"His financial status?"

"He gets a good salary, for example?"

Rowley was perplexed. "Well, yes, a fairly good salary. He's young, of course, and he hasn't been with us long. But . . ."

"Just what is his job exactly?"

"He takes care of several of our large investment clients, handles the securities, all the regular duties."

"And he seems like a pretty steady young fellow? Doesn't gamble on the stock market or . . ."

"Gamble! Why, no, not that I know of." Rowley seemed unexpectedly uneasy. He looked at Cobb and then looked away. Suddenly he said: "You're not trying to ask me whether Oliver's been dishonest with the company's investments, are you?"

Cobb hadn't been asking that. I was almost sure of it. But he took advantage of the situation and said: "Well, yes, I was wondering—kind of."

Rowley shifted his feet awkwardly. "Why, no. There's been no question of it. It had never entered my head. I've always trusted Oliver completely. I . . ."

"If there has been any trouble, you'd better tell me, Mr. Rowley."

"There has been trouble, yes," blurted Rowley. "But I never associated it with Oliver. No, it couldn't . . ."

"Out with it!"

David Rowley stabbed at the bar with the stem of his pipe. He was obviously having a very unpleasant time.

"All right. I've been keeping this to myself until it got straightened out. I didn't want a soul to know. But . . ." He shrugged. "I won't get too technical about it, but as an investment house we hold the investment portfolios of a great many important estates and private individuals—the Shipton estate, for example, which my wife and Mrs. Salter live on. If anyone chooses to be unscrupulous in a business like ours, there are all sorts of tricks that can be pulled. For example, there's nothing to stop an employe selling our clients' stocks on his own private speculations and buying them back again at a profit. If the gamble works, that's so much in the pocket for the guy who did it. Well . . ." He paused.

Cobb said: "You mean someone's been doing that with your clients' securities?"

"I came upon it quite by chance." Rowley's voice was diffident. "Just last week it was. One of our clients telephoned a selling order on some securities. I consulted the portfolio and found they'd already been sold. It was a number of valuable stocks. I saw at once that someone had been up to monkey business. But I had no way of telling who it was and I didn't want to make a fuss until I was sure. So I sold some of my wife's securities and managed to gloss the thing over. I got a private investigator in. He's working on it now. But—but I never dreamed . . ."

"Thanks, Mr. Rowley." The gleam in the Inspector's eyes was even more pronounced. "That's all I wanted to know."

"But, Inspector, you've got to understand. I don't for a moment believe it was Oliver. I'd as soon suspect myself. I only told you because . . . well, because you got it out of me before I realized what was happening. You mustn't . . ."

"Don't you worry, Mr. Rowley. I'm not going to mention your name. And I'm not going to make any accusations."

The Inspector rose and nodded me to follow him.

"Thanks a lot."

I could tell the Inspector was inwardly triumphant. Every new piece of evidence had corroborated his theory against Church. Not only was he the only one without an alibi for Albert Williams' death, now there was a good chance of proving a motive for Norma's death too. If Oliver Church had been desperately in need of money quickly to cover a shady piece of stock juggling, he might well have killed Norma so that a hasty marriage to Karen could save his skin.

As we left the bar, Cobb grunted: "That young man's got explaining to do. You go home now, Westlake. And if anything breaks, I'll phone you."

We found Karen and Oliver waiting in the hall. Oliver had a coat and hat on. He seemed to have recovered some of his usual smouldering assurance. But Karen looked desperately anxious.

"Well, Inspector," drawled Church, "ready to take me off in the tumbril?"

"Yes, I'm ready."

Oliver bent quickly and kissed Karen. "Don't worry, darling. I'll soon be back, sound in wind and limb and we'll stage the most romantic elopement in fory-eight states."

Cobb stood solidly waiting. Oliver moved to him almost nonchalantly. Together they disappeared through the front door.

AFTER they had gone, Karen turned to me—her green eyes were icily intent.

"Doctor Westlake, you've got to explain! Why is he taking Oliver away?"

I said guardedly: "Just to question him about the gun and—things."

"But I don't understand. I don't understand anything. How could the taxi driver have been murdered, when he must—he must have been the one who killed Normie?"

I could tell how bad it was for her, having Oliver suddenly snatched away and knowing nothing. Cobb had not sworn me to secrecy. On an impluse I told her how we believed that someone else had used the taxi driver and his yellow taxi in his own murder scheme.

"It must have happened that way," I concluded. "We know this person had been hiding the taxi driver in that little loft in the barn. You see, he kept him there until we were all fooled into believing he was guilty; and then he killed him and tried to make it look like a suicide."

Karen had been listening in complete silence. She did not seem particularly surprised at this revolutionary development. Probably she was too spent to feel anything—except anxiety for Oliver.

"So the taxi driver was hidden in our barn," she exclaimed. Her face was pale and strained. "But—but even if that remark is true, even if everything did happen that way, it's madness to suspect Oliver. What possible motive could he have for killing poor Normie? Besides—" she paused and added sharply—"you forget someone tried to kill me. As if Oliver would try to kill me!"

There was no point in making her suffer unnecessarily by letting her know that Cobb suspected Oliver of killing Norma to make Karen's legacy greater and of faking an attempt on Karen to point the guilt at the other inhabitants of Fallowfield.

I took her hand and patted it gently. "You mustn't worry, Karen. If Oliver's innocent, he won't come to any harm."

"If he's innocent!" Karen gave an unsteady little laugh. "Of course he's innocent." Suddenly her eyes went grim. "And I'm going to prove it."

We stood there in the hall, looking at each other. With an abrupt little gesture, almost as if she were eager to get rid of me, she held out her hand:

"Goodnight, Doctor Westlake. Don't bother about the others. I'll tell them you've gone."

She came to the door with me. As I moved across the dark drive to my car, I glanced over my shoulder. She was still there, staring after me, a slim, tense figure bathed in soft radiance from the light in the hall behind her.

**XXV**

I ARRIVED home to find a house hushed in sleep. Dawn had long since gone to bed and was dreaming, doubtless, of a blissful Christmas enhanced by the ecstacy of skis, goldfish and the still unpurchased ship-in-bottle. Although it was late, I felt very wide awake. The vestiges of a fire smoldered in the grate. I poked the embers into some sort of activity and poured myself a nightcap to make up for the one I never got at Fallowfield, Cobb had said he would telephone if anything came of

(Continued on Page 12)



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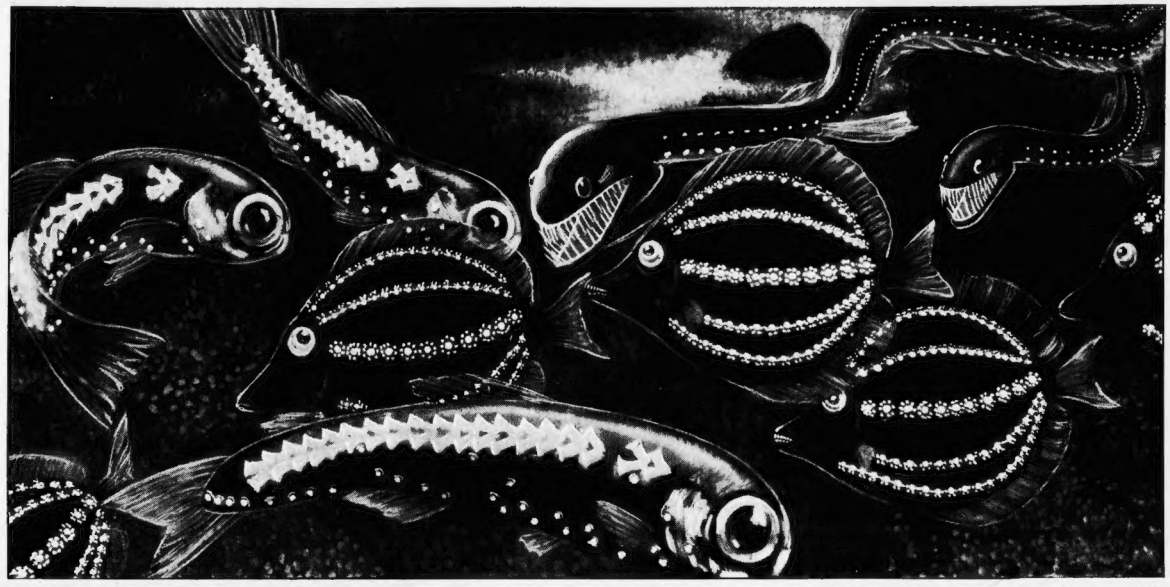
# Helping to Solve the Riddle of Life by Firefly Light



*Drawing by the Marine Artist and Naturalist William Crowder for The American Weekly Showing the Strange, Luminescent Deep Sea Fish Whose Cold Light Holds a Clue to Life in All Animals and Man.*

## Rays Also From the Glowing Headlights of Deep Sea Fish and Bacteria Disclose Mysterious Enzymes in the Human Body That Permit Us to Live and Which Keep Us Teetering Between Life and Death

**By ROBERT POTTER,**
**Science Editor The American Weekly.**

"LIFE is like teetering on a window ledge. We can rock back and forth, as we are sick or well, and if we are not too sick we can recover the equilibrium of living that we call health.

"But somebody—and it must come to all of us in the end—we lean too far over toward death and we do not come back. In a word we lean over the window sill too far, and we fall off and we never return. We are dead."

The speaker, who was almost acting out his analogy of teetering on the window ledge high over the streets of Dallas, Texas, was a brilliant young biologist of Princeton University, Dr. Frank H. Johnson.

Dr. Johnson was giving The American Weekly an exclusive explanation of a new understanding of how life goes on, and how the cold, living light of fireflies and of deep sea fish can disclose the action of enzymes in the living body that makes life possible.

Later that same week Dr. Johnson and his scientific colleagues were to be awarded the $1,000 prize of the American Association for the Advancement of Science for their outstanding discoveries.

**A Deep Sea Fish Photographed by Its Own Light Rays as Obtained by a Scientific Expedition of William Beebe.**

But as Dr. Johnson paced a Dallas hotel room he knew nothing of that. He knew only that he was bubbling over with enthusiasm for his important work. And this reporter knew that what he had to say was not only fascinating but probably the beginning of a whole new understanding of life itself.

Minute amounts of chemicals called enzymes in all living bodies—in animals or in man himself—are the key to life, said Dr. Johnson. If you think of the human body as an automobile then the food which man eats is the gasoline for the car; the fuel. But still the body will not operate without enzymes to use those fuels, any more than an automobile will operate without oil for lubrication.

"Enzymes can be called the oil of life," said Dr. Johnson.

"Really enzymes are the chemicals in the the body which permit reactions to occur in living things just as chemicals called catalysts permit reactions to occur in ordinary chemical test tubes outside the body.

"The best and perhaps most familiar example of an ordinary catalyst is the tiny bit of platinum metal found in flameless cigar lighters. The chemicals in the lighter combine with the oxygen in the air to make heat and lots of it. But only in the presence of platinum."

There are a host of enzymes in the human body. In the stomach is the enzyme pepsin which makes possible the digestion of proteins like those found in meats. In other parts of the alimentary tract are found trypsin and erepsin that aid digestion still further and start building up chemicals called amino acids that are the building blocks from which the body grows.

Scores of other enzymes are known. Such basic things as the rate of the heartbeat, the contraction of muscles and the breathing of all body cells depend on enzymes.

All these things have been known but no one has ever been able to study enzymes inside the living body except by indirect methods. Scientists could take pepsin out of the body and put it in a test tube and watch it begin to digest meat, but they could only indirectly study its action in the human body. And so it was, too, with many other enzymes in living things.

Nobody knew for certain their exact action in the living body of animals or man. That is, until Dr. Johnson, working with Drs. Dugald Brown and Douglas A. Marsland of New York University, came along and discovered how to do it with an enzyme found in fireflies, in deep sea fishes and in many tiny bacteria which are able to glow with the cold, living light of luminescence.

It seems a far cry from the glowing hues of fireflies and of luminous fishes in the ocean depths, to an understanding of life in man, but that is not so. What the $1000 prize winners have been able to show are the basic laws which control enzyme reactions and, hence, life itself. These basic laws of science—if they are really true explanations—ought to apply equally well to any enzyme reaction whether in fireflies, in the monsters of the deep that carry their own headlights of luminescence, in bacteria, in cats or dogs or even man himself.

And so it has been found to be.

The enzyme which Drs. Brown, Marsland and Johnson have studied is luciferase, found wherever cold luminescent light occurs in nature. The glow of the firefly and the glow of deep sea fish seen on this page are both made possible by the enzyme luciferase which permits the oxidation or burning of a chemical luciferin to create the light.

Like many others before them the scientists studied cold, living light emitted from bacteria in tiny laboratory vessels. They found the intensity of the light rays was an index of how well the enzyme was acting; how well the chemical reaction of burning luciferin was progressing.

What made this reaction ideal for exact research was that every change in light could be accurately measured for there are no more accurate scientific instruments in the world than those which measure light.

When they applied heat to their glowing, luminescent organisms the scientists found the first of their analogies which liken enzymes to oil that lubricates a motor car.

When the oil in the engine is cold the engine is hard to start and does not run easily. So it was, too, with the enzyme luciferase. When the organism was cold the enzyme did not work well and little light was emitted.

As the enzyme was warmed up more light was emitted, just as a car runs better when the oil is free-flowing and warm.

And then, finally, as the organism became too hot the enzyme began to fail to do its job. The light rays diminished just as oil that is too hot in a motor car, finally leads to overheating and lack of lubrication that ends in a breakdown.

So it was, too, with the enzyme of fireflies, luciferase. When it was too warm it became "denatured" as the scientists call it and failed to do its job of helping the emission of light.

I asked Dr. Johnson what he meant by denatured and denaturation which he uses many times in his paper.

"Denaturation," he said, "is a first step toward death. I have said that life is like a teetering process which means that a reaction like fatigue, or tiredness, is reversible.

"Enzymes which help keep us well, and awake, become denatured and lose their ability. Fatigue can be compared to a narcotic. Then we go to sleep until they have recovered. The enzyme pepsin in our stomach would be called denatured if it could not do its job of digesting food. The enzyme luciferase becomes denatured when it no longer aids in the emission of cold, luminescent light as from our bacteria, or from fireflies, or from deep sea fish.

"Denaturation may be considered as the reversible, teetering stage of life when we can come back to normal healthy living. The end result of too much denaturation is death."

Dr. Johnson and his colleagues have found from their experiments that an increase of pressure will, often, counteract increases of temperature.

Thus they found if they heated their bacteria so warmly that the light began to dim, they could restore the light intensity by putting the bacteria under pressure.

This means that while heat had begun to "denature" the enzyme luciferase the pressure brought it back to normal. Where heat was trying to kill the bacteria the pressure brought them back from this step toward death.

And right there they discovered a new explanation of how deep sea fish can live under extreme pressures like those found at great depths in the oceans.

**What Makes a Firefly Glow Is Shown in This Diagram Where the Brain (A) Sends Its Messages Along the Spinal Cord (B) to the Luminescent Area at (C), Where the Enzyme Luciferase Helps Burn the Chemical Luciferin and Makes the Firefly's Light.**

**Many Kinds of Deep Sea Organizations Carry Their Own Headlights. One of the Strangest Is Leachia Cyclura Which Carries Glowing, Luminous Organs Right Near Its Eyes.**

It seems possible, says Dr. Johnson, that you could bring a deep sea fish up to the surface and have it live all right, if only you could lower the temperature of the water sufficiently. According to their discoveries it is most probable that a deep sea fish at the equator could live safely near the surface of the Arctic Ocean where the water is much colder than is water deep at the equator.

Put another way, if a fish were used to the frigid waters of the Arctic and started to swim to the equator it would gradually have to go deeper and deeper. If it did not do this the increased rise of temperature could "denature" the many enzymes of the fish, and it would finally die.

But if the fish did swim deeper and deeper, the added pressures would compensate for temperature rises and it could live all right. This would be a living, real-life case of just the kind of experiments that Dr. Johnson and his colleagues carry out in their laboratory.

Moreover, the cold light emitted by the enzyme luciferase makes it possible to study the action of all kinds of narcotic drugs and agents on enzymes. By narcotics Dr. Johnson not only means morphine and the drugs that are ordinarily called narcotics, but he means also all anesthetics, analgesics and all pain-killers such as even aspirin.

It used to be thought and many physicians still believe that an anesthetic like ether acts on living cells to dissolve away the lipoid, or fatty, constituents of the cell. But by drugging the light-emitting bacteria with ether or chloroform, the scientists have discovered that the ether makes the bacteria "go out like a light." They found, too, that any decrease in the cold light radiation caused by anesthetic could be counteracted by increases in pressure, just as pressure had before compensated for too much heat and temperature.

They conclude, therefore, that the effects of narcotics on enzymes is to "denature" them and start them on the road to death.

Most important for immediate medical discovery is the study which the scientists made of sulfanilamide and its various compounds such as sulfapyridine and sulfathiazole that are widely used as germ killers by doctors today.

Although these sulfa drugs have been in wide use no one has ever known just why they killed the germs they did. All that was known was that sulfanilamide would not kill germs in a test tube, but that it would lead to the death of the organisms in the human body.

The new discoveries which won the $1000 A.A.A.S. prize give the probable explanation. The effect of the sulfa drugs is to denature the enzymes which the germs must have to digest their food and grow. By using sulfanilamide and its compounds the germs cannot grow so rapidly, the body can catch up with them and quickly conquer them. To some extent each bacterium is "doped" and loses its punch.

Back of the three scientists—Drs. Brown, Marsland and Johnson—is the shadowy figure of one of the nation's first-rate mathematical chemists, Dr. Henry Eyring of Princeton University.

It is Dr. Eyring who takes the laboratory findings of the three prize winning scientists, juggles them into intricate mathematical equations and comes up with basic laws which interpret the reactions among enzymes.

The process by which he does this is quite like the work done by other men who figured out years ago similar chemical reactions for non-living things.

In fact the reactions for living bugs and animals and even man himself turn out to behave quite similar to reactions for simple chemicals in a test tube, except for the new idea of reversible denaturation which Dr. Johnson emphasizes again and again in his reports.

By means of Dr. Eyring's broad equations scientists can now bring into one related picture many hitherto isolated happenings in the world of living things. Whole new vistas are opened from the action of sulfanilamide, to deep sea fish, and to the body of man himself.

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# RIDIN' TRAIL BACK to the OLD WILD WEST

## With Old Scout Murphy

**True Rip-Roaring Tales Told From Memory by One of the Last Survivors of the Trail-Blazing Era, When Bad Men, Worse Indians, Express Riders, Gold-Hunters and Settlers Wrote the History of Our Plains in Blood and Punctuated It With Bullets**

Boot Hill Proved the Fastest Growing Enterprise of Most of the Frontier Camps. This One at Bodie Grew So Fast That the Grave of Its Founder, Bill Body, Was Forgotten by the Time His Monument Arrived and It Was Erected, Instead, in Memory of Assassinated President Garfield.

Soon After News of the Rich Strikes Leaked Out, the Mountainsides Around Virginia City, Bodie and Aurora Were Pockmarked With Mole Hills and Honeycombed With the Tunnels of Miners Seeking a Share in the Seemingly Endless Bonanza of Silver and Gold.

JUST about eighty-two years ago the first of the daring Pony Express riders put spurs to his horse and dashed away in a cloud of alkali dust on the first lap of the gruelling 2,000 miles of wild and woolly West with its bad Indians, outlaws, mountain blizzards, raging streams, stifling deserts and wilderness that lay between the Mississippi and California.

It was the beginning of the era of the gambler and the hurdy-gurdy girl, the badman and the gun-fighting marshal who blazed their way with six-shooters through the hell-roaring frontier camps. About the only law was coiled in a rope on a Vigilante's saddle.

The story of those colorful, dramatic days has been written for readers of The American Weekly by Frank Murphy, who roamed our last frontier for more than half a century as cowboy, Indian scout, freighter and buffalo hunter "when there was no Sunday west of Kansas City and no God west of Fort Smith."

*I am a happy miner, I love to sing and dance;*
*I wonder what my love would say, if she could see my pants.*
*With canvas patches on the knees, and one upon the stern:*
*I'll wear them while I'm digging here, and home when I return.*

*No matter whether rich or poor, I'm happy as a clam,*
*I wish my friends at home could look and see me as I am.*
*With woolen shirt and rubber boots, in mud up to my knees.*
*And lice as big as chili beans a-fighting with the fleas.*

—The Happy Miner.

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### CHAPTER IV.
### "Badman From Bodie."

ABOUT the time I was riding 'em high and betting 'em close in the old days of the Wild West we used to hear a lot about the "badman from Bodie." They didn't hang that title on just one fellow. Most anybody from Bodie could fill the bill.

Bodie wasn't as big as Virginia City, but she could raise as much hell to the running foot as the boom camp on the Comstock Lode—and did.

They tell about a girl in a California town whose folks were getting ready to move to Bodie.

"Goodby, God," was the girl's farewell. "I'm goin' to Bodie!"

People in Bodie kicked up a big rumpus when they heard that. They claimed that wasn't what she meant at all. The way they took it she said:

"Good! By God, I'm goin' to Bodie!"

That was about the way they looked at everything there. Life centered around gold, saloons, dancehall gals and a well-beaten road to the graveyard. Like most of the other rich strikes Bodie's gold carried a curse that soon took its finder to his death. Men wore their lives out fighting starvation, blizzards and Indians to find pay dirt. About every time one found it something happened to him. He got killed, went crazy, or was gypped out of it. Somebody else moved in and scooped up the gold.

It was while Old Pancake and his cronies were first sinking their picks into the outcroppings of the Comstock Lode that Bill Body started out on a prospecting trip from a camp near Mono Lake in California. Fed far from the Nevada line he found a ledge of gold-bearing ore. He staked out a claim and with his pardner, a fellow named Taylor, got ready to start digging out his fortune. The prospecter's dream had come true. Body had made his big strike. He was fixed for life.

That Winter, about five months later, Body and Taylor were headed for their cabin with a load of provisions when a mountain blizzard cut loose. The snow soon was knee high on the trail. Body finally had to give up. Taylor pushed on for help, but by the time he got back Body was lost to sight under a heavy shroud of snow. They found him the next Spring when the thaw came, frozen to death.

And the curse was strong enough to put Taylor in his grave a short time later. A band of bloodthirsty Piutes trapped him in his cabin. He fought a single-handed battle that brought some of the redskins down, but they finally got him.

**Grab your pardner and let 'er go,**
**Balance all and do-si-do,**
**Swing your gal an' swing her high,**
**Balance next an' don't be shy.**

Well, Treloar wasn't shy. De Roche was looking on, getting hotter than a prairie fire every time the miner hugged his wife and spun her around. He stalked outside and waited until the dance was over.

Treloar walked out a few minutes later to get a breath of fresh air and De Roche fired one shot. It hit Trelloar in the back and dropped him dead on the snow.

The Bodie folks didn't think that play was in the cards. They grabbed De Roche and threw him in jail, but he crawled out a hole before his captors were a block away and took to the hills. A posse started after him and dragged him back.

The camp was getting pretty mad by that time and a bunch that called themselves Vigilantes decided they ought to start the New Year right by making an example of the killer.

When one fellow started to argue against hanging, "All right, get another rope," a Vigilante shouted. "We'll hang you, too."

That put a quietus to any more argument. The men wheeled a wagon into the street in front of Miners' Hall, right over the blood-stained spot in the snow where Treloar had fallen, and propped the tongue up in the air for a gallows. A few minutes later De Roche was swinging from it.

Mrs. De Roche, the unfortunate cause of the trouble, was a respectable woman, but Bodie, like all those camps, had a lot of other women who didn't sing in any church choirs. One of them was Madame Moustache, who cut a swath that the Old West remembered a long time. She hit about every New Year celebration. A miner named Trelloar asked Mrs. De Roche to be his partner for the next dance. That left the husband sitting on the bench.

The fiddlers tuned up and began sawing their bows. The caller sung out his lines.

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**Balance all and do-si-do,**
**Swing your gal an' swing her high,**
**Balance next an' don't be shy.**

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A Mountain Blizzard, Same of Miners Toting Winter Supplies to an Isolated Camp. From an Old Sketch by J. J. Reilly. Overtaken by Such a Storm, Their Bodies Often Lay Beside the Trail Until the Spring Thaws Came.

EVERYBODY had his pockets full of mining stock in those days. It was the same story at all the camps, Virginia City, Aurora and Bodie. Aurora was about twelve miles from Bodie, just inside the Nevada line. Most of the stock wasn't good for anything but wallpaper.

One mine at Bodie started out as a strictly wildcat proposition. The promoters had prospects and a printing press, that was all. They put some money into the hole, but when that ran out they began paying their men in stock and it wasn't long 'til the town was full of the stuff. A share of stock would buy a drink. Merchants took it in trade because everybody was willing to gamble.

One day the stock started going up. Nobody could find out why. When it got to ten dollars a share the promoters unloaded all they had, but the stuff kept going up. After the speculators'd sold out the miners let the cat out of the bag. They'd hit a rich vein of gold quartz, shoveled the rich stuff to one side and kept the secret to themselves. In the meantime they were buying all the stock they could lay hands on.

The price finally went up to $35 a share and everybody in Bodie was rich. Saloon-keepers hauled out bales of certificates they had taken in for one drink a share. Store proprietors were wealthy on paper they figured was worthless. Chinese laundrymen discovered they had been paid hundreds of dollars for washing a few shirts. It was the only case I ever knew where the promoters got stung and everybody else got rich.

While the camp was booming some of the boys got to thinking they hadn't done right by poor old Bill Body. His bones had been laying in a shallow grave alongside the trail where he died for more than fifteen years.

"I figger Bill's deservin' of a decent burial," one said to a bunch lined up at a bar.

"He sure is that," another chimed in. "Let's dig 'im up an' bury ol' Bill right up hyar close to his strike."

Cheers went up. The bartender set 'em up on the house.

"We orter do more'n that," somebody suggested. "It's fittin' for a great man like Bill Body to have a fine monument."

The boys got so worked up over the idea that they made the rounds of the saloons and dancehalls. When the night was over they had collected a couple thousand dollars to send away for the best monument their money could buy.

A crowd started out the next morning with shovels. When they came back that afternoon they had a hole full of Bill Body's bones. Most of the camp gathered to look at the collection. Even in death there was no peace for poor Bill.

"Sure had a little head, didn't he?" a miner said as he picked up the skull.

Every bone in the box was dragged out and passed around for close inspection. In a few minutes what was left of Body was scattered over half a block.

"Reckon he died a young man," a miner opined, looking at his teeth.

"He wasn't no hoss, yuh damn fool. Yuh can't tell a man's age by his teeth."

"Sure well preserved, being dead so long," said another fellow, as he tapped a leg bone against a hitching post.

"That's 'cause he froze t'death."

When the crowd got tired of looking Bill over, piece by piece, the bones were thrown back in the box. The Bodie folks didn't mean any disrespect. They just figured Bill wouldn't care and I reckon he didn't.

They gave him a big funeral.

It was quite a while before the monument arrived because it had to be hauled in from San Francisco by mule team. By the time it came the camp was stirred up over the assassination of President Garfield. Bill Body was forgotten. When the granite shaft finally was put up in Boot Hill it bore an inscription to honor the martyred President.

Bill still lies in a grave unmarked except for the sage-brush that grew back on the hillside when Bodie joined the West's long list of ghost towns.

THE Pony Express and the stage coach held a mighty big hand in the mining camp pots. Life in Virginia City was a game where the stakes were millions. And it wasn't just the joker that was wild.

*"Little Cayuse Was in the Fight Up to His Ears, Firing His Small Rifle at the Attacking Indians as Fast as He Could Reload. He Was Never Far From His Adopted White Father, and When Old Whitsome Stumbled and a Redskin's Knife Went Up to Plunge Into His Back There Was the Flash of a Gun Fired at Close Range.*

*"The Indian Jerked and Fell Back Dead.*
*"If It Had Been in Little Cayuse's Makeup to Ever Smile He Must Have Cracked a Grin Then, For His Shot Saved the Life of the Man Who Had Saved His."*

The hard-riding boys on the ponies were the only link to the outside world at first. They were heroes to the whole camp. The approach of a galloping pony was a signal to knock off work and line up for the "news of the States."

Within a year after the rush to Washoe started the new camp was connected with San Francisco by a telegraph line of a sort. It was strung up from Old Hangtown across the Sierra Nevadas into Virginia City. The builder didn't bother to set posts where the trees were so thick, he just hooked the wire to the branches. Storms got the line so twisted up in the trees that the boys got to calling it the "grapevine telegraph."

Half the time it didn't work. Then the Pony Express would beat the telegraph. Bull-whackers, freighting over the mountains, used to help themselves to the wire whenever they had a breakdown.

"Why, I figgered they put it thar just a-purpose," an old teamster said when a telegraph company man landed on him for cutting down the line.

From Virginia City east it was still just the Pony Express—and the Indians.

After Jack Hays and his men battled the Piutes on the Truckee and made good Indians out of them—the old-timers always said the only good Indian was a dead one—that tribe didn't bother the whites much for a while. But the Shoshones on the rim of the basin in western Nevada to make up for it. A rider took his life in his hands every time he swung into the saddle and started out. A trip in the Overland Stage was just as dangerous.

A fellow they called "Little Baldy" had a set-to with the Indians that sure would have raised his hair if he'd had any. He was riding out of Dry Creek. The station-keeper there was S. McCanless, who did what a good many of the early settlers did—took up with a Shoshone squaw.

This was all right with the squaw, but it didn't set extra well with her tribesmen.

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One morning a band of about fifteen Shoshones rode up to the station. They didn't say much, Indian-like, but you could see they were scalp-hunting. The leader palavered to the squaw to go with them, but as McCanless was treating her all right and she had plenty to eat, she wouldn't go.

Besides Little Baldy and McCanless there were two other men at the station, John Applegate and Ralph Lozier. The whites kept their hands on their guns and a palefaces six-shooter always got a lot of respect.

McCanless and the Indians jawed back and forth quite a while about giving up the squaw. Finally he handed out a sackful of provisions as a peace offering. The Shoshones grunted among themselves over that, but shouldered the sack and ambled off.

About dark that night the four men and the squaw were sitting in the station eating supper. Suddenly there was a blast of gunfire from the walls of the cabin. The Indians had crawled back to the station, stuck their rifle barrels through chinks between the logs and were pouring the lead into them before the men knew anybody was near. Lozier threw up his hands and tumbled off a bench dead. Applegate was hit pretty bad but stayed on his feet.

With Applegate between them Little Baldy and McCanless broke for the door. The Indians ripped out a war-whoop and started after them. I reckon the squaw saved their lives. She kept running back and forth in front of the Indians to spoil their aim and give the whites a chance. Blood was spurting from Applegate's wound every step he took and he was weakening fast. After the three had gone about a quarter of a mile Applegate knew he was finished.

"Gimme your pistol, Baldy," he gasped to his companion.

The rider savvied Applegate's play. It was part of the code of the West, and he handed over

The Long-Haired Badman Needed Little Excuse to Pull His Six-Shooter and Start Blazing Away in Those Rip-Roaring Days of Our Last Frontier. A Dead Man Was a Dead Man, and Another Notch on His Gun — Until That Inevitable Time When He Himself Came Out Second Best on the Draw.

Marauding Indians Proved the Gravest of All the Perils Faced by Those Hardy Men and Women Who Chose the Stagecoach as the Quickest Means of Getting to the Golden El Dorado of the West, as This Rare Old Print of an Attack by Comanches on the Overland Stage Graphically Shows.

(Continued from Page 8)

his interrogation of Oliver. That was excuse enough for not going to bed

I sat there in front of the fire, sipping my highball and thinking about Oliver. Was the whole weird story of Fallowfield going to end this way? Oliver Church an ambitious young man who had speculated unwisely with the investments of other people and faced prosecution as a criminal' Oliver Church—a very resourceful lover and murderer who had managed to maneuver the red-headed twins and the taxi driver through an intricate chess game of bluff and double bluff to suit his own ends! The evidence pointed to it certainly. And that Cobb was all but convinced of his guilt was certain too.

I myself was in no analytical mood. I had done my share of speculating for one day. Let Cobb carry it through. As the pleasant warmth of the highball slid through me I found myself more concerned with sentiment than deduction If Oliver was proven guilty it would be another knock-out blow for Karen who had already taken so much on the chin The stars were certainly not rooting for Karen Cobb

Any more than they had rooted for Albert Williams. I was probably alone in feeling sympathy for that wretched little man who had twice taken the rap for someone else—first for the three redheads and then, far more crushing for the person who had murdered Norma. I found the taxi driver's pitiful and unsuccessful efforts to avenge himself on a cruel world more than easy to condone.

Poor little devil, he had no right to be dead.

I WAS feeling even more mellow at some later, indeterminate moment when the phone rang. Inspector Cobb had kept his promise, although from the disgruntled tone of his voice I knew that he had won no sensational victory over Oliver

"Well, Westlake, I've been having a little verbal battle with Church Haven't got very far. He denies all knowledge of any stock-jugging and he hit the ceiling when I hinted his proposed elopement with Karen tonight might have been motivated by a desire to get at her sixty thousand as quickly as possible At the moment he's mighty mad."

"Did he give any reason why he was so indecently eager to marry the girl?" I asked.

"Sure." Cobb's voice was fretful. "He said Karen told him for the first time tonight the whole story about Jimmie Salter and the taxi driver. He said she had a hell of a guilt complex about it and was sure he'd never want to marry her after he'd heard the truth. He said he argued with her, trying to make her believe it made no difference to him and got absolutely nowhere. Finally he thought up this elopement business. It was the only way to convince her that he loved her, he said."

I remembered Karen's white, tortured face earlier that evening when she'd said: I've got to tell Oliver the truth and probably when he hears it, he'll never want to see me again

Knowing Karen, Church's story sounded plausible enough.

"You believe it?" I asked.

"I don't know." Cobb paused and then added: "But I do know he's been burning this office up. He maintains anyone in the house could have snitched his gun and he says he's being persecuted simply because he was too innocent to get himself an alibi. He's called me every kind of name from a moron to a Nazi and I'm going to keep him here all morning at least. A night cooling off in jail won't do him any harm at all." He sighed. But whether or not we've got the right guy—Westlake, I just plain don't know."

There was nothing much for me to say, so I didn't say anything

Cobb's voice sounded again, tired and dispirited. "The Coroner's taken the body to the morgue," he said, "Nothing much to report yet. His men are still over at the barn, but they telephoned to say they'd be leaving any minute. And, by the way, they found something that proves once and for all it WAS murder."

I pricked up my ears. What was it ""

"Remember we couldn't find the empty cartridge case of the bullet that killed him? Well, it's no wonder we couldn't find it downstairs The Coroner's men located it in a crack between the floor boards in that loft. See, Westlake? That proves the shot was fired up there. That proves the taxi driver was killed in the loft and lowered down the ladder and arranged by the brazier—just the way we figured it. The murderer must have been keen to remove it, of course. But I guess it slipped down there between the floorboards and he just couldn't find it." A yawn came over the telephone. "Well, Westlake, I'm all ready to hit the hay. Call you in the morning. Goodnight."

"But, Cobb . . ." Even to myself my voice sounded strangely strangled.

But the Inspector never heard it—because he had rung off.

I stood there by the telephone, thoughts spinning around my mind. The Coroner's men had found the empty cartridge upstairs in the loft! That proved Albert Williams had been killed up there! That . . . .

But what about the empty cartridge I had found in the brazier? Until that moment, the dramatic events at Fallowfield had entirely banished it from my mind. It came back now with a bang. I felt unsteadily in my pocket. The hard little brass object was still there. I pulled it out, staring at it.

Only one shot had been fired from the automatic. We knew that. Now there were two cartridges! One upstairs and one downstairs. Two cartridges and only one shot fired!

AT first that made no sense at all to me. Another gun? Was that the explanation? Had Albert Williams been killed by one gun and then another one substituted in the suicide-tableau?

That seemed most improbable. If the murderer had two guns in his possession, why use one for the shooting and another for the suicide tableau? A substitution would be folly, since any ballistic expert could check on whether or not a certain gun had fired a certain shot.

Then what . . . ?

Suddenly there slid into my mind a vivid picture of the barn as we had found it—with the wide doors inexplicably open and the brazier inexplicably alight. We had never thought out a reasonable explanation for those two contradictory facts. Now, in a flash, I saw a very reasonable explanation for them indeed With shattering clarity, I realized exactly what must have happened. We had been fooled once again. Of course we had been fooled!

Albert Williams had in fact been shot upstairs. The evidence of the struggle which had taken place up there and of the cartridge case found by the Coroner's men substantiated that. But a shot fired up there in that small, closed-in loft would have been almost inaudible at any distance from the barn

And yet the shot we had heard up at Fallowfield had been loud and reverberating. It could not then have been the shot which actually killed Albert Williams. And my discovery of the second cartridge case in the brazier made it easy to guess just what it had been.

Suppose the murderer, having killed Williams and arranged the suicide tableau, had wanted to draw attention to the death and yet give a false impression of the time at which it had occurred. How elementary to have lit the brazier, tossed an unexploded cartridge on top of the wood, rolled back the heavy barn doors and slipped away.

As soon as the burning wood collapsed and caused the cartridge to make contact with the flames, the cartridge would have exploded. With the doors open, the sound of the shot could be heard clearly up at the house—and would have brought everyone, including the murderer himself, running to the scene, as it, in fact, had. And everyone, except himself, had taken it for granted that the taxi driver had only just that moment died.

Thus, once again, the murderer had given himself double protection. He had hoped, of course, to have the death accepted as a suicide. But if that failed and murder was suspected, by the simple device of the brazier and the second bullet, he had given himself ample opportunity to establish a water-tight alibi

As I stood there, gazing tensely at the little cartridge case which had turned out to be so important, another memory came. Just after I had finished listening to Karen's confession and had moved out into the hall, I had heard a sound like the distant backfiring of a car. It had meant nothing to me at the time. Now it rushed in upon me that I had almost certainly heard the muffled sound of the actual shot that had killed Albert Williams.

It also rushed in upon me that, a second or two after that muffled report, Oliver Church had passed me in the hall. In other words, he had as perfect an alibi for the time of the real shooting as he had a weak one for the time of the false shooting.

My little exhibition of mental gymnastics had at least proved one fact beyond question of a doubt.

If I were right, Oliver Church was about the only person at Fallowfield who could not have killed Albert Williams.

What else did it prove? Obviously now we must look for the murderer among those who did have an alibi for the time of the fake shooting. But that was of little help since everyone at Fallowfield, with the exception of Karen and Oliver, had been heavily alibied for that period.

I WAS torn between an impulse to call Cobb right away and an equally strong though rather shameless impulse to wait until I could present the Inspector with a third and correct solution.

For surely now I had sufficient evidence to discover the truth—the real truth.

I am afraid to say that the private detective in me won a victory over the law-abiding citizen. I did not call Cobb. Instead I returned to my seat in front of the dying fire and lit my pipe, frantically turning the facts over and over in my mind.

There must be one trump card in my hand somewhere. There must . . . . !

It came to me with a suddenness that set the blood pulsing in my veins Of course! The cartridge case itself was my trump card!

Since we had not fallen for the suicide theory, it was vitally important for the murderer to keep us believing that the taxi driver had been killed at the time for which he had an alibi The two cartridge cases in the barn were the only things which could expose the truth and frustrate all his plans. Obviously then, he would be desperately anxious to retrieve one or the other of them.

He did not know that they had been found, of course. And, until now he had had no opportunity to slip out to the barn because, ever since the discovery of the corpse, either I or the Coroner's men had been on guard there.

But Cobb had just told me that the Coroner's men were leaving Any minute now, the barn would be deserted. Almost certainly the murderer would creep over there and make an attempt to find the cartridge case upstairs or the cartridge case in the brazier.

After that, I didn't stop for any more thinking. Bundling into a hat and coat, I grabbed a flashlight and dashed out to the garage.

In a couple of minutes I was speeding over the snowy, midnight roads back to Fallowfield.

If luck were on my side, I had a chance to catch the murderer of Norma Hale and Albert Williams—red-handed.

XXVI

AS I drove toward Fallowfield at a wanton speed, that idea of mine became an obsession. The murderer would have to make an attempt at retrieving the cartridge cases. He could not possibly afford to fail to do so. If only I could reach the barn ahead of him, I would have him trapped. It was simply a matter of time now. If the Coroner's men had already left, I might be too late. But if they were merely on the verge of departure . . .

I turned the bend in the road before Fallowfield, and, as if in answer to my mute prayer, I saw a car swing out of the Rowleys' drive and head away toward Grovestown. The Coroner's men—only just leaving!

Beyond the main entrance to the house, a dirt track led up to the old Fallowfield farm. I drove to it and turned into its narrow mouth. The snow made pretty mean going, but I did not plan to take the car much farther. About one hundred yards from the main road, I stopped, turned off the headlights and slipped out. I wasn't going to risk heralding my approach to anyone who might be in the barn.

The dirt track bent sharp to the left and wound through a little outcrop of trees to the barn itself—about an eighth of a mile ahead of me. Cautiously, not even switching on the flashlight I stumbled up the snowy track on foot.

The stars which had shone with such polished brilliance earlier that night were obscured now by a pall of clouds. The extreme darkness was in my favor But it was also a handicap. I made as much speed as I dared but I was scared of snapping a twig or causing some other unfortunate sound. Luck, however, was with me. My progress was satisfactorily silent. And, after five or so minutes, I became conscious of the barn, a concentration of even deeper darkness in the blanket of night, looming ahead.

I felt a thrill of excitement, colored by uneasiness. The potential danger of an encounter with a double murderer was obvious. And, in my enthusiastic hurry, I had armed myself with no, kind of weapon of defense. I would have to rely on stealth and low cunning, neither of which were conspicuous virtues of mine.

I reached the back of the barn. My hand, flung ahead of me into the darkness, made contact with the rough clapboard. Gingerly, guiding myself by my hand on the wall, I stole forward through the utter darkness. Something probably the skeleton of a burdock, swished hissingly against my trouser leg. I waited, holding my breath. But the silence settled back again as deep as ever.

At last I came to the corner I moved as noiselessly down the side and turned a second corner Immediately ahead of me, I knew, would be the wide entrance of the interior of the barn made by the rolled back doors. A few more steps and I would come to it. As I hesitated in the darkness before proceed-

(Continued on Page 13)


# RIDDLE in RED

Ask Any Expert—

Does "SOAPING" Leave Dull Film on Hair?

The Answer Is Yes . . . But Halo Shampoo Can Rid Your Hair of This Unsightly Film, Reveal its True Beauty!

NOW TRY the marvelous modern shampoo discovers—Halo!

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You see, Halo contains no soap, so Halo can't leave no dull soap-film to rob your hair of its natural lustre and color!

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Know the Lovely Part a Gift Hand can play— Linda Darnell (Fox Hollywood Star)

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A little coarse, now? Jergens Lotion will soon help that! It's almost like professional hand care—with those 2 ingredients many doctors use to treat neglected, harsh skin.

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Linda Darnell George Murphy in 20th Century Fox' Rose Bowl Game.

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FREE!...PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

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THIS, as other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, is read by one out of every five families in the United States.

Is your child a "cold catcher"?

Don't let your children suffer unnecessary discomfort from colds. Get them back to school as quickly as possible. ANTIPHLOGISTINE will help you do it.

Ever since ANTIPHLOGISTINE was discovered by a doctor more than fifty years ago, it has been helping in alleviating the suffering from such ailments as chest colds, bronchial irritations, sore throat due to common colds and similar troubles. The application of pleasantly warm ANTIPHLOGISTINE to the chest often provides great relief.

And ANTIPHLOGISTINE—because of its formula and the way it is used—gives continuing aid for six to twelve hours. Remember ANTIPHLOGISTINE is not a "rub-on and rub-off" product, but a scientifically prepared medicated dressing.

Keep ANTIPHLOGISTINE always handy for instant use when anyone in the family catches a cold.

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# How Hollywood Helps St. Valentine

**When the Cameramen of the Cinema Capital Go to Work for St. Valentine They Turn Out Pictures That Would Make Any Normal Male Think of Romance.**

NEXT to St. Nicholas, alias Santa Claus, St. Valentine is the most popular and publicized of legendary personages.

Everybody knows that jolly old St. Nick maintains a workshop, a warehouse and a stable for his reindeers in the neighborhood of the North Pole. Up to now St. Valentine and his young partner Cupid—the pink-cheeked cherub with the bow and arrow—haven't any permanent and official headquarters.

To use a two-dollar word, St. Valentine is ubiquitous, which is the highbrow way of saying that he is everywhere at once. Any day's applications for marriage licenses from Portland, Maine, to Pasadena, and from Portland, Oregon, to Palm Beach, are ample proof that the patron saint of lovers covers an amazing lot of territory.

But if St. Valentine should get around to settling down and establishing a home office, he couldn't do better than hang out his shingle in Hollywood. Twenty-four hours a day and 365 days a year the stars, directors, script writers and extras of the cinema capital are busy making pictures which carry the spirit of romance to every corner of the globe. They cook up plenty of sweet [illegible] and soften up millions of people for St. Valentine and the kid with the bow and arrow.

On the other hand Hollywood owes a lot to the patron saint of lovers because if he didn't inoculate humans with what the poets call the tender emotion the movie makers would find themselves turning out nothing much except newsreels, adventure thrillers and popular science on celluloid.

And—as the photographs on this page sentimentally show—Hollywood is not unmindful of the debt it owes St. Valentine and his sharpshooting assistant. Year after year, weeks before February 14 rolls around on the calendar, the alert and astute publicity men of the movie studios call on some of their most glamourous stars and starlets to do a little work for St. Valentine between scenes on the sound stages.

These artists are wise enough to know on which side their bread is buttered and, no matter how tired they are, they are glad to do their bit to spread the spirit of romance.

The publicity pictures that come out of these sessions are turned out by the thousand and they are just about the sweetest and most inspiring invitations to love carried in the mails around the middle of February.

If old St. Valentine himself picked the talent, fashioned the "props" and worked the camera, he couldn't do a better job of putting his business prospects in a more receptive mood to play target for the sharp darts of Cupid. Hollywood gets out all kinds of photographic valentines, some of them in the old-fashioned style and many of them in the streamlined modern manner.

The photograph at the left is an interesting and eye-filling example of what the movie moguls can do to help St. Valentine lightly turn thousands of young men's fancy to thoughts of love, even in the wintertime.

**With a Few Simple "Props" and a Couple of Movie Stars Dressed in the Flossy Costumes of Old-Time France, the Hollywood Friends of the Patron Saint of the Tender Emotion Can Do a Lot to Help Him Spread His Pretty Propaganda.**

# RIDDLE IN RED

(Continued from Page 12)

ing, a vivid memory came of [illegible] I had seen there earlier that night—the little crumpled body by the brazier, the little body with the pistol gripped in the bandaged hand and the eyes staring glassily upward.

Albert Williams was no longer there. He was lying on a slab at the Grovestown morgue. But to my fancy the memory of death still lingered . . . a dim, intangible quality of taint in the darkness. It made the danger seem more inevitable.

I stood there, straining my ears for some faint sound in the dark interior of the barn to warn me that the murderer was already there. Nothing shattered that shrouded silence—nothing at all.

Gaining confidence, I moved a few paces forward. My hand, still preceeding me along the wall, suddenly felt the wood stop and nothingness begin. I was right at the entrance. I paused once again. Still no sound from within.

Silently I slipped across the threshold. I could see absolutely nothing and I still could not risk using the flashlight. I stood motionless in the darkness, using my memory of the barn's interior as a blue print. To the right, a stack of hay. To the left the extinguished brazier and lying just this side of it, an old hay fork. Watch out for that hay fork. Almost straight ahead and beyond the ladder leading up to the loft room. That was the lay-out.

If the murderer were already crouching somewhere there in the darkness, my best chance was to remain unheard and invisible and wait for him to make his first move. If he had not arrived, the wisest course also was to pick a reasonable place to hide. For the only way to pin the guilt on him was to catch him red-handed bending over the brazier.

I decided on an ambush against the far wall of the barn, behind the ladder leading to the loft. There I would be able to control both levels.

As I stole forward, farther and farther away from the entrance, my footsteps were muffled by the loose covering of hay on the boards. I neatly maneuvered around the prone fork and, feeling my way, plunged on, nearer and nearer to where I knew the ladder was. My confidence increased second by second. The silence was so unqualified. Surely no living creature but myself could be in that building. Surely . . .

My hand, stretched ahead of me, touched a smooth wood surface. The ladder. I eased myself toward it. All I had to do now was to slip beyond it and wait.

I kept a grip on the ladder. I moved forward, step by step. The silence seemed to have penetrated my own skin, muffling my breathing and the beat of my heart.

Silence . . . !

And then, suddenly, a slight rustle above me!

I tautened. The sound and it had been unmistakably a sound had come from the loft at the head of the ladder, immediately above. A rat, perhaps? Some small night animal scurrying across the floor boards up there?

The sound came again, and with it came a creak . . . One creak, another creak. Footsteps!

There was no question about it then. No noise in the world can entirely imitate the deliberate pad-pad of human footsteps in the dark.

I wasn't secure any more. Far from it.

Because I knew there was someone else in the barn! There was someone up the ladder there in the little loft room where the taxi driver had been killed!

My nerves quivering, I stood absolutely still, thinking. Was that invisible, moving presence up in the loft the person I had come to find? If so, what would the murderer be doing up in that loft room? Had he perhaps heard me and fled there for shelter? Then I remembered the second cartridge case, the case of the shot which had actually killed Albert Williams.

In its way, it was as damning as the cartridge case in the brazier for it proved that the taxi driver had been shot upstairs, thereby invalidating once and for all the suicide theory. Yes, probably that was it, probably it was the murderer up there, searching for that other cartridge case which had slipped down between the floor boards and which he had been unable to find in his fast desperate hurry after the murder.

That reflection decided me. From my earlier sojourn in the barn I remembered the solid rungs of the ladder. It would be possible to scale them noiselessly. A bold attempt to corner my opponent in the loft promised surer chances of success than an indefinite wait below.

I twisted around so that I was facing the invisible ladder. Still holding the flashlight, my other hand went out and gripped the second upright. Then, with infi[illegible]

(Continued on Page 16)

. . . Love for you for all the years if you keep loveliness young. Keep to PALMOLIVE, made with OLIVE and PALM OILS

Sweet moment when love comes to stay . . . make this moment yours! Keep the glow of beauty, the allure of a skin that's soft and smooth, and fresh as a new-cut rose. This is the beauty that men seek . . . to have and to hold.

You must choose your beauty aids thoughtfully and carefully. Weigh the beauty claims and promises made for them. More important still, be sure you know the *beauty-ingredients* that they are made with. When you select a soap for your skin care, remember this. Palmolive, only Palmolive among all leading soaps, is made with Olive and Palm Oils (no animal fats).

For centuries, lovely women have looked upon these oils as Nature's finest beauty aids. And today, they choose Palmolive first among all beauty soaps. Yes, Palmolive helps so many women keep the loveliness men look for, that it is the largest-selling beauty soap in the world. Is *your* beauty soap . . Palmolive?

REMEMBER PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY OILS . . . olive and palm oils—no others—go into the making of Palmolive.

PLOWING through cold and slush with cold, wet feet soaks temperature quickly. Rub your cold, wet feet briskly with Absorbine Jr. This active liniment immediately stimulates your circulation, opens pores, then rubbing into And, a quick supply of warm blood flows through your feet, that cold, clammy feeling disappears.

Don't fail to take this simple precaution to often get wet! Do it with children. See if you don't reduce the misery of running noses this winter! Keep Absorbine Jr. handy. $1.25 at all druggists. FREE SAMPLE write W. F. Young, Inc., 399 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

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Famous also for relieving Athlete's Foot, Sore Muscles, Sprains, Bruises.


MORE scriptural articles appear in a year in THE AMERICAN WEEKLY than in all other non-sectarian magazines combined.

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**MODERN SKIN-CARE**

Today all you need to help keep your skin smooth, fresh, young-looking, is one cream—just one amazing 4 Purpose Face Cream!

## Does Your one Face Cream do all these 4 Vital Things?

1. Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream is not just a good cleanser but it also gives your skin a lubricating quality that reduces the blood supply of your minute sweat glands—and decreases their tendency to perspire. Your nose first feels dry, then runs copiously.

**You can fight this symptom** of a cold by helping nature normalize your foot temperature quickly. Rub your cold, wet feet briskly with Absorbine Jr. This active liniment immediately stimulates your circulation, opens pores, then rubbing into And, a quick supply of warm blood flows through your feet, that cold, clammy feeling disappears.

Don't fail to take this simple precaution to often get wet! Do it with children. See if you don't reduce the misery of running noses this winter! Keep Absorbine Jr. handy. $1.25 at all druggists. FREE SAMPLE write W. F. Young, Inc., 399 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

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4. Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream smooths your skin beautifully prepares it for smooth powder and make-up.

WHAT DOES the face cream you use really do for your skin? Never mind what it claims to do for others—*what does it do for you?*

Why continue using a cream that does only a "half-way" job? Lady Esther Face Cream is scientifically designed to serve the 4 vital needs of your skin. It's all you need—it asks no help from other creams or lotions.

Lady Esther Face Cream is different from any you've ever used. Try it! See how much better, cleaner, smoother it leaves your skin. Actually ordinary cream can compete with it.

*Send for Generous Tube*

Mail coupon below today for a generous tube of Face cream. See for yourself why more and more lovely women every day are turning to Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream.

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**4-PURPOSE FACE CREAM**

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7184 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.
Send me a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream, also 9 shades of face powder. I enclose 10c to cover the cost of packing and mailing.

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# Ridin' Trail Back to the Old Wild West

(Continued from Double Page)

the gun without a word. Applegate's legs were wobbling as he brought the pistol to his head and pulled the trigger. That beat being spread-eagled—arms and legs stretched out to stakes and left for the coyotes.

Little Baldy grabbed the smoking gun out of his dead friend's hand and raced on with McCanless. The redskins were close behind them. They jerked off their clothes as they ran to gain more speed. After a few miles they began widening the gap and you had to be mighty good to outdistance a redskin.

That race isn't in the marathon records but it ought to be. McCanless and Little Baldy kept going until they hit the next relay station at Robert's Creek, thirty miles away.

After the trouble blew over the station-keeper went back to Dry Creek, rounded up his squaw, and moved into Utah. They settled down there and it wasn't long before they had a pretty good-sized tribe of their own.

THERE was another race with death that's worth telling about. The eastbound Overland Stage wheeled into Eight-Mile Station one day just after a band of Gosh-Utes had killed the keeper, Henry Harper, known on the Overland Trail as "Happy Harry," was handling the lines. He had four passengers, Judge Mott of Nevada, and a man returning from the California gold camps with his two small sons.

The stage pulled up to the station for a change of horses. Instead they got a hail of bullets and an Indian war-whoop. Lead and flint-tipped arrows whined and whistled through the coach.

Happy Harry laid leather on the backs of the four-horse team. But the whip wasn't needed. The horses plunged into a dead gallop at the first sound of danger. Even then it was too late. The Forty-niner was stretched out on the bottom of the coach, pierced by an Indian arrow. Happy Harry was hit too. Blood gushed from his wounds at every lurch of the swaying coach. He knew he was finished, but he knew the Indians weren't. They were strung out on their ponies in a long line behind him, trying their level best to catch the stage and finish the kill.

With death edging closer with every turn of the wheels, Happy Harry kept his whip popping over the heads of the flying horses. He knew he didn't dare stop to tie up the wounds that were bleeding his life out of him.

Finally the whip fell limp. With his last bit of strength he hollered to Mott:

"Take the lines, Judge! Quick!"

Judge Mott crawled out of the lurching coach and scrambled up to the driver's seat. Just as he grabbed the lines Happy Harry slumped over dead.

The war cries of the Indians still sounding behind him, Judge Mott finished the run to Deep Creek Station, a dead driver between his feet, a dying man, and two little boys, his cargo.

A troop of cavalry took up the hunt for the redskins. A few days later they surprised an Indian encampment at daybreak. A charge through the camp sent two dozen warriors to their happy hunting ground. They thought that evened things up for the killing of Happy Harry.

But it didn't stop the Indian raids. In just a couple of days Riley Simpson, another stage driver, was shot out of his seat while traveling through a canyon east of Deep Creek. Again another passenger had to seize the lines and dash for safety.

The same band that got Simpson moved on east to Canyon Station, a desolate spot, pretty near to the Utah line. There were about eighteen of them. First they ambushed three of the five men stationed there, William Riley, who was called "Deaf Bill" and two soldiers named Abbott and Hervey.

All day before the attack Hervey kept talking about a feeling that the Indians were going to get him. The two soldiers and Deaf Bill had taken a wagon and gone to Deep Creek for water. On their way back they were within a quarter mile of their home station when Hervey started talking again.

"I tell you, fellers, they're gonna git me." Deaf Bill couldn't hear him, but Abbott could and told about it later. "I dreamt last night the Indians were gonna shoot me today an'—"

Before the last words were out of his mouth there was a blast of lead from the sage-brush. Hervey's dream came true. He dropped in his tracks with a bullet through his head.

One shot went through Abbot's shoulder. Another clipped a thumb off Deaf Bill's hand. He couldn't hear the shot, but he knew what that missing thumb meant.

He and Abbott made a great stand. Deaf Bill got Hervey's body into the wagon while Abbott poured lead into the Indians' ambush. He got two or three of them, but was wounded five times himself before the fight was over.

When they finally reached the station their two companions, a couple of soldiers named Elliott and Burger, were missing. They had gone hunting for some game for supplies and the Indians got them.

The redskins turned tail when a well-armed wagon-train came along. The immigrants found Elliott's body on the trail and brought it to the station. He'd made a fight for it, but when the redskins finally got him they carved him up in fine Indian fashion. He was bald-headed so there was no scalp to take. They hacked off his beard and took most of his face with it. Then they cut out his heart and took it along, too.

Deaf Bill was shot and killed along with five more whites in another raid on Canyon Station a few days later.

Before the outbreak of the Shoshones and Gosh-Utes along the Nevada-Utah line was ended the Overland lost sixteen men, seven stations were burned and more than a hundred head of horses were shot or stolen. The Indians took plenty of scalps.

Some of the whites got to be pretty handy with a scalping knife, too, in those days. There was "Old Gus" for one. While the Indians were on the prod he was a mighty popular individual around Virginia City. I never knew his real name and Old Gus himself wasn't sure of it. He'd been in some Indian fights and had a scalp tied to the end of his old muzzle-loader, a weapon he always carried.

The grisly tuft of hair was good for a glass of tangle-foot in every saloon in Virginia City. Old Gus would wander from one barroom to the next, collecting his tribute. Whenever he leaned his musket up against the bar the proprietor would take one look at the scalp and set out the bottle. It got to be a ceremony that was repeated at every stop until Old Gus was loaded. Each appearance raised a yell from the rowdy miners:

"Rah fer Ol' Gus! He got his Injun!"

After one Indian scrap was over they found Old Gus off by himself behind a rock, leisurely smoking his pipe and peeling the top lock off a dead redskin.

Another time he started to work with his scalping knife on a big buck stretched out on the battlefield. He had the hair about half lifted when the Indian opened one eye and spit in his face. Old Gus was so surprised when his Indian came to life he dropped his knife. But playing possum didn't save the redskin. Old Gus finished him with a pistol shot and got his scalp.

IT WAS hard to make a friend of an Indian. They were suspicious. But when you got one on your side you had a friend for life—and a good one. Cy Warman, who dug up a lot of strange facts about the Old Wild West, tells about one such incident—the lifelong friendship that existed between an old codger named "Whipsaw" and a little Pawnee he befriended.

Whipsaw was an old trapper who got to be keeper of one of the Pony Express stations along the Platte River. Names didn't mean much. Like Old Gus, I reckon he had another name, but nobody ever knew him by anything but Whipsaw.

One Winter day several years before the Pony Express started a big Sioux buck, about as ornery-looking a redskin as you ever saw, came to Whipsaw's cabin. He had a mean eye, something that was just as much of a signpost to a man's nature then as it is today. Across one side of his ugly face was a long, jagged scar, where somebody had slashed him with a knife.

The Indian was carrying a little Pawnee about two years old who'd been captured by the Sioux in a raid. He didn't have a stitch on him and was half frozen to death.

"Uh! Want papoose?" the

(Continued on Page 15)

# THE AMERICAN WEEKLY SEMI-MADE Fashions

**AW 20**

**Shirt type of dress that is so flattering to everyone, cut to your measure of rayon crepe. The shoulders are joined, the sleeves are made ready to be set in, gores are set in the skirt. The belt is made, buckle and buttons, separate contrasting polka dot vestee and cuffs are included, along with simple instructions. Sizes 14 to 40. Colors: Navy, Powder Blue, Beige. Price $6.95.**

**AW 21**

**Every child loves a jumper, and this one is cut to measure of wool crepe with sleeves and collar of a blending plaid. The lastex shirring at waist is set in, top of jumper is made, plaid sleeves are ready to be set in. The necessary findings and simple instructions for finishing are included. Sizes 7 to 14. Colors: Navy, Brown, or Wine. Price $5.95.**

## How to Order

***Plainly write style number, color, size desired and your full name, street address, city and state. If you do not wear a standard size, let us have your actual measurements, and we will cut to your measure. The small illustrations show just how you receive your Semi-Made dress with only simple seams to be finished.***

**Remit by check or money order to American Weekly Semi-Made Fashions, 80 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Guaranteed as advertised or your money refunded. Watch for Semi-Made Fashions each month.**


## Young Wives Need Not Be Embarrassed Concerning This Intimate Problem

Each year thousands of timid young women, who never have been told certain facts, enter marriage completely uninformed. In this dilemma, what is the young wife to do? Shyness forbids her to seek the advice of friends. So too often she resorts to over-strong solutions of acids for the douche which can actually burn, scar and even desensitize delicate tissues.

Today such risks are needless. Science has given womankind a safe—yet amazingly powerful—liquid, for the douche, Zonite. So powerful is Zonite, it kills instantly all germs and bacteria with which it comes in contact. Deodorizes—by actually destroying odors, leaving no telltale odor of its own. Protects personal daintiness. Yet! Zonite is non-caustic, non-poisonous, safe for delicate tissues. Over 20,000,000 bottles already bought. For modern hygienic protection you may never have known before, get Zonite at your druggist today.

***Free Book Tells Intimate Facts***

Get frankly written booklet "Feminine Hygiene Today" mailed FREE, in plain wrapper. Write: Zonite, Dept. 550E, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Do your lips curve quickly into attractive smiles, or does the sting of cracked, dry lips make you wince if you start to laugh?

Don't let such distress spoil your charm—it is easy to get relief with Resinol. Being oily, it lubricates dry skin as its medication soothes irritating soreness and aids natural softening. You'll enjoy Resinol's many other uses, too, so keep it handy.

For gentle, refreshing, daily skin cleansing, use Resinol Soap.

All drug stores. For sample of each write Resinol, Dept. K-22, Baltimore, Md.

**RESINOL OINTMENT AND SOAP**

**IF you want to save time and energy, consult the menus suggested in this and other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY.**

## SMART SWEATER PRETTY AS NEW AFTER 10 WASHINGS!

**College Girl Jury cheers good news in thrilling Ivory Flakes Test!**

**Which one's washed; which one's new?**
**"We had to look and look; the washed sweater stayed so soft and colorful."**

*Juliette Kenney, Hobby: modern dance* — *Doris Bayer, In student government*

*Jean Buckingham, loves to ski* — *Katherine Albro, works for defense*

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(Continued from Page 14)

Sioux grunted, pointing to the little captive.

"Don't know what I'd do with 'im." Whipsaw studied the odd pair. "But th' little codger sure needs some chonk."

"Want trade." The Indian began looking around. He pointed to Whipsaw's rifle standing in the corner.

"No, yuh thievin' savage. No guns."

The Sioux grunted and started to walk away with a limp.

There wasn't a glimmer out of the papoose. There's none of that in an Indian, big or little, but his beady eyes did turn on the old trapper with an appeal he couldn't resist.

"I'll give yuh a huntin' knife for 'im," Whipsaw said.

The warrior dropped the boy and held out his hand. The deal was closed and it probably was the best bargain Whipsaw ever made.

When the Sioux walked away stroking the blade of his new possession, Whipsaw turned nursemaid. I reckon he never had been that close to a baby before.

"A fine howdy-do," he mumbled to himself. "Stead o' tend'n' traps like I orter be doin' I'll be tendin' a Injun brat."

Whipsaw couldn't get away from the boy's black eyes. They followed every move he made and said more than words while the old trapper rummaged through his pile of skins until he found a soft antelope pelt. He took a few clumsy stitches in it and slipped the make-shift garment over the Indian boy's head.

"Reckon that'll keep yuh a mite warmer."

Out of another skin he made a pair of moccasins. Hot soup and meat soon had the boy feeling better.

In a few days the kid was following Whipsaw around like a dog and he showed the same kind of loyalty. A mighty close bond grew up between the two. As the little Pawnee got older he began to show a hate for all his own people. Indians were frequent visitors to Whipsaw's cabin. He was friendly with most of the tribes, but his adopted papoose wasn't.

Every time any redskins showed up the boy tried some deviment to make it hot for them. He'd sneak out to their horses, cut their ropes, and stampede the stock. Once he tried to shoot an Indian with Whipsaw's rifle, but the gun was so heavy he couldn't raise the barrel.

When the Pony Express route was laid out Whipsaw's white friends who galloped in on one horse and rode off on another were the little Indian's friends, too.

His keen senses soon proved mighty valuable. He could hear an approaching horse long before any white man knew anything was near. At the first sound of a horse's hoof-beats the boy would begin hollering: "Cayuse, cayuse!"

They began calling him "Little Cayuse," the only name he ever had.

His warning cry, night or day, was the only sign Whipsaw or the relief rider needed to get a horse ready for the next run. And his ears were just as sharp for other sounds. Several times a night he'd jump up from his buffalo robe on the floor crying: "Injuns! Injuns!"

Nobody else could hear a thing, but they knew Little Cayuse could either hear them or smell them. They'd slip out to the corral and get hidden just in time to scare off a bunch of redskins sneaking up through the brush to run off the company stock. He got to be so well known that the bosses of the Pony Express had a special rifle made for him to fit his size before he was six years old.

Late one night Whipsaw suddenly awoke from a sound sleep. The Indian boy was standing over him, as still as a crouched bobcat.

"Cayuse comin'?" Whipsaw mumbled, figurin' it was about time for the westbound rider to be showing up.

The youngster shook his head. "No cayuse. Long time no cayuse."

"Maybe he's late tonight." Whipsaw yawned. "Git on back to bed."

But Little Cayuse wouldn't budge. He just stood there listening. The station-keeper finally rolled out of his blankets. He knew the boy wasn't standing there shaking his head for nothing, and looked at his watch. The rider was more than two hours late. He shook his helper and rousted out the relief rider.

"Git up, you fellers. Sumpin's wrong. Little Cayuse is settin' like a bird dog."

The two men piled out and pulled on their boots. Little Cayuse slipped out the door and cropped to the ground, his ear tight to the earth. In a minute he was back.

"Heap cayuses comin'," he said. "Heap cayuses."

The men knew that meant only one thing—Indians. They grabbed their rifles and slipped out into the darkness, close behind the noiseless footsteps of the little Pawnee. The men crouched behind a bank near the corral.

They didn't have long to wait. On the trail below them a band of six Sioux slid from the backs of their ponies and began crawling silently toward the cabin. They crept up to the door without snapping a twig and cautiously slipped inside.

"Now!" Whipsaw whispered, and the two men and Little Cayuse arose behind him. They were almost to the door when the Sioux heard them. As the redskins dashed out of the cabin a blaze of shots met them. Two dropped dead in their tracks. The others fired back, but the white men were well hidden in the night shadows. Another volley brought two more down.

Little Cayuse was in the fight up to his ears firing his rifle as fast as he could load it. Whipsaw fought with one of the two braves still on his feet. The old trapper's guns were empty. The Indian, a big, powerful brute, got one huge arm around Whipsaw's neck and was bearing him to the ground with a knife held in his free hand.

Little Cayuse was never far from his adopted white father at any stage of the fight. Just as the Indian's hand went up to plunge the knife into Whipsaw's back there was the flash of a gun fired at close range. The Indian jerked and fell back dead.

If it had been in his makeup to ever smile I reckon Little Cayuse would have creased a grin then. His shot saved the life of the man who had saved his.

As soon as dawn came the men rounded up the dead Indians' horses. In the string was the pony belonging to the missing Express rider, still saddled and with the mochila of mail safely in place. A couple miles on out the trail they found the body of the slain rider.

When the three men returned to the station they saw Little Cayuse standing over the body of one of the dead Indians, swinging a club with all his might. Then he dropped that and picked up his rifle. Time and again he loaded and fired pointblank into the body, doing a crazy war-dance with each shot.

"What's goin' on here?" Whipsaw yelled as he walked up. "Ain't he dead enough?"

See! See!" The little Indian pointed. He was more excited than Whipsaw had ever seen him.

Whipsaw took a look at the riddled body. Across the warrior's face was a long, jagged scar. Whipsaw remembered that face.

Little Cayuse spoke, too.

**Abilene, the end of the cattle trail from Texas and the western terminal of the railroad, was the wildest cowtown in the West. Next week I'll tell you about some of the things that happened there, and at Deadwood in the Dakotas where "Wild Bill" Hickok mighty near shot his own killer after he was dead.**

**(To Be Continued Next Week)**

## WHEN THE OVERLAND STAGE RACED DEATH

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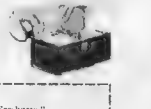

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(Continued from Page 13)

nite caution, I started rung by rung up the ladder into darkness

Utter silence reigned above me now. Almost I was convinced that the creaking footsteps had been products of my overwrought imagination. I climbed. One ring, then another rung. My own silence gave me an oddly disembodied sensation.

Then, just as my head came into a level with the little platform which thrust out in front of the loft room, the faint, squeaking sound of a moving foot stirred once again in the darkness ahead.

I was right then. And from the smallness of that sound it occurred to me that the person ascending me probably was unaware of my presence. All the precariousness of the situation brought itself home to me. Two of us mutually invisible, motionless in the darkness—waiting.

My position perched on the top of the ladder slowly told on my muscles. If I held it any longer, I would certainly shuffle and make some tell-tale sound.

I decided to move again. Stealthily I slid off the ladder onto the little platform. Inch by inch I straightened into a half-crouching position. My hand, going out, found the door lintel leading to the loft room. I was directly on its threshhold then.

I swivelled the flashlight around in my grasp, getting it ready for action. For one long bewildering moment I waited. Then the slightest stir came from the room beyond. It was sufficient. I moved the flashlight so that it pointed directly at the area from which the sound had come!

Feeling very keyed-up, I pressed the button on the flashlight, sending a streak of brightness through that stifling dark room.

There was a small choking cry. The beam of the flashlight had caught its object squarely.

Standing in the corner of the loft, staring blindly into the ray of light, her face white as death, was Karen Hale.

A fur cape was thrown over her shoulders. In one hand she held an unlit flashlight of her own. Beneath the tousled red hair, her green eyes showed the extremity of fear.

My own thoughts were spinning. Karen . . . ! What on earth was she doing here? Surely she . . .!

Rather wildly she blurted: "Who is it? Who are you?"

Behind the flashlight, I was, of course, invisible to her. I said, "It's I—Doctor Westlake."

"Doctor Westlake! Thank heavens" She came to me then, her hand reaching out, gripping my arm, pulling me into the room away from the heavy door which was opened inward. "Thank heavens. For minutes for ever . . . I knew there was someone out there in the dark, someone crouching on the little platform." She gave a little sob. I . . . I was frightened, so frightened."

I've only been here a short time" Then, firmly, I added: "And just what are you doing here at this hour of the night?"

For a few seconds she seemed too absorbed with the aftermath of her own fear to bother about that question. At length, she said in a taut, jerky voice: "I . . . I came here because of Oliver." She turned then to look at me. I could see her face dimly in the fringe of the light from my torch. "You told me that the Inspector suspected Oliver. You said the taxi driver had been kept in hiding up here by the murderer. I know Oliver was innocent. I came here because oh, because I hoped I might be able to find something to prove it. Something, anything . . ."

She broke away from me and stood a few paces off in the darkness. "I . . . I left the house about a quarter of an hour ago, as soon as I saw the Coroner's men driving off in their car. I came straight up here to the loft. But I never had a chance to search, for right away I knew someone else was in the barn Oh, I didn't hear anything. But you can tell. I could feel that awful silent presence. And I just wanted here, trying not to breathe, trying not to make a sound, feeling that person coming nearer and nearer, crouching outside there on the platform—waiting for me." She gave a little unsteady laugh. "And now it only turns out to be you."

Her sixth sense, I reflected sardonically, had been slightly premature in registering my presence, since I could have been in the barn less than three minutes before I found her.

"That's why I'm here," she added suddenly. "I didn't have any plan. I . . . I just came to try to prove that Oliver is innocent."

She had given me her reason or rather her professed reason for her odd presence in a place where, by my deductions, the murderer alone should be. I was inclined to believe her simply because of the genuine ring of desperation in her voice. But I still reserved my judgment.

She made a quick move toward me. "Oliver is innocent, Doctor Westlake. You've got to make the Inspector believe that because I'm sure of it."

"I think you're right," I said guardedly. "In fact I'm almost sure he's innocent too. And that's why I'm here — to prove it."

SHE took my arm again and her voice was vibrant with excitement. "You really mean that?"

"Yes. And unless I'm very mistaken, the murderer is going to come here to the barn any minute. That's why I'm here. I'm trying to catch him red-handed."

She stared at me, blinking in the light from the torch. I moved it so that it pointed from her.

"The murderer is going to come here?" She echoed the words blankly.

There was a curious little moment of silence. It was broken with sudden sharpness by a scream from Karen.

"Doctor Westlake, look quickly! Look!"

She was pointing directly at the door by which I had entered. I turned my flashlight full on it. To my sudden horror, I saw that the heavy door, which had been open, was closing as if by some supernatural agency.

I sprang forward toward it.

But I was too late. As I reached it, it slammed shut and I heard a dull clatter of the wooden bolt which fastened it from outside.

There was no handle on the smooth inner surface of the door. I gripped at a crack in the wood, trying to pull it open again. It was useless, of course.

The door was locked on us.

And, as I stood there at Karen's side, staring stupidly, I heard from the outside the unmistakable sound of someone scrambling down the ladder someone who had made no attempt to hide his presence. After that, there was silence—followed by a crash.

I knew only too well what had made that crash. The person who had locked us in the loft had pulled down the ladder which connected us with the lower level of the barn. We had been doubly imprisoned.

The murderer is going to come here to the barn any minute! My own words of a moment before rang with infinite irony in my ears. The murderer had come to the barn all right!

And he had emphatically proved something which I should have realized from the start.

In the contest of low cunning, the first round had very definitely gone to him.

I made another fruitless attempt to open the door. There was obviously nothing to be done about it. Since it opened inward, I would not even be able to break it down.

KAREN and I stared at each other. Her hand moved jerkily to the throat of her fur cape.

"Then—then it wasn't you!" she whispered. "You came later I was right. Someone else was out there crouched on the platform all the time."

I saw it, of course I had been very neatly fooled. All through the time that I had been creeping furtively across the barn and up the ladder, the murderer, who had arrived between me and Karen, had been waiting silently crouched on the little platform outside the loft room, waiting for me to follow Karen into the trap.

A few moments ago I had mocked Karen's sixth sense. It had turned out to be far more accurate than mine.

"We've got to get out of here!"

I moved the flashlight around the little room, and then raised it until it pointed at the single, small window on the rear wall. The drop to the ground from it would be considerable, probably far too dangerous to attempt. And speed was my only hope anyway—speed of which I was only too incapable.

I stood there, feeling the flat, miserable let-down of anti-climax. My plan had been so very near achievement. Now success had been snatched at the last minute from my grasp. At that very moment, the murderer was down there beneath us in the dark barn. Entirely safe from us, he could make his search of the brazier. He wouldn't find the cartridge case, of course, but at least he would be able to slip back to the house unobserved long before we could think of any scheme to intercept him.

And, in spite of my efforts, he would remain as far from detection as ever.

Karen's voice sounded helplessly: "It's no use calling for the others," she said. "They can't hear us up at the house from here. They'll be asleep anyway. Doctor Westlake, I don't understand Who—who locked us in?"

"The person who murdered Norma," I said grimly.

"That's what you said—that the murderer would come here to the barn. But why? Tell me—why?"

I was in no mood to assuage her curiosity then. As the stuffy darkness of the little room closed in around me, I tried desperately to formulate some plan of action.

THE murderer must have followed Karen from the house the moment the Coroner's men had gone. Why? If he knew Karen was on her way over here, why had he risked having her observe him? Why hadn't he waited until she returned to the house? Was it because he was afraid she too might be after the cartridge case in the brazier? That was unlikely. How could Karen be expected to know about the cartridge case? Was it because he thought speed more important than safety? That again was unreasonable, since he could not have guessed that I would return to the barn to trap him.

It was then that a blinding realization came to me. Why hadn't I thought of it before? Now that I had managed to establish Oliver's innocence, it was almost certain that the murderer was one of the people who hoped, by the death of the grandchildren, to prevent the Shipton money from slipping out of their own grasp.

Obviously, so long as Karen was alive, the murder of Norma and of the taxi driver was nothing. For, the moment Karen married Oliver, Norma's money went to her. The murderer could only benefit from his twisted, intricate plans provided Karen too were to die before her wedding to Oliver could take place.

Was that it then? Had the murderer come here to the barn not, merely to retrieve the damning cartridge case, but to commit a third and climactic crime? Had I unconsciously walked into a trap whose object was, somehow, to murder Karen?

We were both securely imprisoned up here in this little loft, far from any assistance. Supposing the murderer at this very minute was down there contriving something that would . . .

That unpleasant reflection was cut short by a little cry from Karen.

"Listen, Doctor Westlake. What's that noise? Down there below us—what's that noise?"

Her ears were sharper than mine. For several seconds I could hear absolutely nothing from the barn below.

Karen gripped my arm. "Hear it! That . . . that rustling, that . . ."

I did hear then. And that quiet, almost whispering sound made my ominous suspicions of a few moments before suddenly and terribly real.

For that noise — without a shadow of doubt — was the crackling of newly kindled flames.

Fire . . .!

(To Be Continued Next Week)

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*The events and characters depicted in this serial are fictitious and any apparent similarity to actual persons living or dead is merely a coincidence.*

# RIDDLE in RED

**"Don't Worry, Darling," Said Oliver to Karen, "I'll Soon Be Back and We'll Stage the Most Romantic Elopement in Forty-eight States."**


## HERE'S HOW TO SAVE YOUR PRECIOUS TEETH FROM THIS INJURY

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Scientific research has proved that this damage is caused by regular brushing with dentifrices containing abrasives. Clinical studies* show that 8 out of 10 adults examined risk this injury because the softer part of one or more teeth is left exposed (usually due to shrinking gums) with no hard enamel to protect it. You can avoid this trouble by changing to Teel Liquid Dentifrice, because it contains absolutely no abrasives.

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Teel FOR TEETH

Change to Teel LIQUID DENTIFRICE

Use Instead of Tooth Pastes and Powders


## Is Genius Just a Chemical Brew in the Mind?

SOME wise savant once said that being a genius is just a matter of picking smart parents. Other experts claim that it's the month of birth that determines whether a child will be a mental giant or a dim wit. But now a brand new idea about what makes a genius pops up. A special "chemical brew" may exist in the thinking apparatus of a brain truster that makes him different from his fellowmen. Such is the theory suggested by Dr. Edward Podolsky of Brooklyn, New York, after a long search into the history of brilliant people. This mystery chemical of the mind, the Doctor surmises kindles that spark of unusual ability—which may be lumbering in every human brain.

Any mind, hopped up with a bit of genius extract, may produce an unexcelled work of art, deathless literature, superb music or just a super-colossal business deal. And the nice thing about this theory is that a genius doesn't necessarily have to be born with those strange chemicals. Dim wits today could become master thinkers tomorrow, if the right chemical agents started working on their grey cells. But what are the right chemical agents? That's what scientists haven't found out yet.

From the history of famous people, the Brooklyn doctor suspects that disease germs and the strange chemical processes of insanity may be partly responsible. Going through the annals of the lives of great men and women he finds that Stevenson, Keats, Emerson and Whittier all produced their greates works while tuberculous racked their bodies. Beethoven composed his most magnificent melodies after syphilis had robbed him of his greatest possession, his hearing.

So, Dr. Podolsky points out, it might be wise to study what there is about the powerful toxins of these diseases that could stimulate the brain. He doesn't for a minute suggest that all who want to be geniuses should contract some horrible disease—but knowing what the mystery chemical is might enable men to produce it artificially and even manufacture genius minds at will.

Another angle that might bear looking into is the mind chemistry of insanity. Those who always have felt that exceedingly brilliant people were also a little screwball, are not too far wrong. Psychiatrists often find an unmistakable spark of genius in a crazy man.

If the toxins of disease germs set up such frenzied activity in certain brains that their owners are literally driven to produce masterpieces, it seems possible that certain types of insanity might set up ferments in the brain capable of goading the thinking cells beyond all previous achievement.

But not all famous people are sick or insane. There are some who have perfectly healthy bodies and minds. How does Dr. Podolsky explain their extraordinary ability? Man's whole body is a chemical laboratory. What he eats is basically responsible for his ability to work or play. It also is responsible for his loves, fears and hates because food is the raw material from which the chemicals that produce these reactions are made.

Investigators who have spent a lot of time probing into the subject feel that there is considerable evidence that eating certain foods may stimulate sluggish minds. We may even go back to the old-fashioned idea some day, that fish is brain food.

Right now olive oil, lard, egg yolk, corn and all animal fats are in line to be tagged as possible boosters of one's mental equipment, and of the ever important vitamin family, Vitamin B and all the B complex seem to be important for thinkers.

Sugar—the natural sugar in milk—also may be important for good brain chemistry. This conclusion is reached, Dr. Podolsky points out, because it is one of the most common elements in a young child's diet and more learning is believed to go on in the early years of life than at any other time.

### Ever Serve Dishes That Are Different?

HOW do you prepare them? Maybe you follow a recipe handed down by your mother or grandmother that adds extra goodness to a usual ordinary dish. Why not let others share your secret? THE AMERICAN WEEKLY pays $5 for each recipe selected for use in the "Housewife's Food Almanack"—on the second from the last page of this and every issue.


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# Buying Good Furniture at a Saving

THE home-maker who is smart and thrifty knows that custom has dedicated February as the month in which to buy furniture if she wishes to secure most value for her money.

Hence, it's shrewd foresight to study current furniture advertisements and make genuine investments by replacing a chair, a table, a living-room group or refurnishing a bedroom.

But, are you really equipped with up-to-date knowledge of what to look for and insist on getting in true furniture values?

In general there are two types of furniture, (1) wood furniture; and (2) upholstered furniture. Since there is so much information concerned with the specific buying of each type, they will be discussed separately by the writer. Today we will discuss how to buy wood furniture.

FLEXIBILITY may be said to be the most important single trend in furniture today. We find this keynote of flexibility in tables, chairs, dressers, buffets and other pieces.

For example, instead of designing a dining-room chair and using it exclusively in the dining-room, the designer and manufacturer present to the buyer a chair which is so styled, shaped and scaled that it may be used as a chair drawn up to the dining table, or, equally well, set apart as an occasional chair in the living-room, or hall, or anywhere a chair is required.

Again, instead of making a single, large integral bookcase, we find that individual units of shelves, or sectional book units of different width, adjustable shelves, and different lengths, can be combined with each other, or mounted on a special rack or stand. These units enable the room to have not only bookshelves, but a chest, a cupboard-and-chest, or shelves on top of cupboards, or cabinets to hold a radio, photographic equipment or other hobby tools.

Another instance of flexibility is seen in a table which may be used as a straight dining table, as a console table, or by different adjustments it may serve as a coffee or bridge table. Similarly, a small table has a swinging tray on which to serve breakfast in bed, or, when placed in the living-room, it becomes a hostess coffee table unit.

In a large room is a unit for holding dishes, silver, and china; however, if the room be small, the upper portion of this unit may be removed and the lower cupboards only be used.

SMALL SCALE DESIGN is another feature of present furniture manufacture, and is readily connected with building and economic causes. When homes were large, the room could accommodate a "grand" piano, or a "grand" bed or any other "grand" and overstuffed pieces. Today the small apartment, more narrow hallways and smaller houses encouraged by national housing projects, demand small scale furniture.

And what may astonish many persons is, that such small scale chairs and other items are really more comfortable than many a so-called "lounge" or gargantuan "easy-chair."

Thus, we will see at furniture showings and exhibits this Spring, many smaller chairs, or chairs so constructed of light-weight materials.

One chair showed a cushioned seat, but the comfortable back was made of a strip of leather set at an angle which just "caught" the back and shoulders so as to take the weight off the reclining body. Some of the chairs are made of interesting plastic. These chairs and all this new furniture are exceedingly lightweight, but durable and comfortable.

When you buy wood furniture, regardless of its period or its price, do note these points:

(1) Buy furniture only from dealer or manufacturer known to stand back of the quality of his merchandise.

(2) Request accurate information as to woods used, regardless of finish they have been given.

(3) See that finish brings out real grain and beauty of natural wood and is clear, not muddy.

(4) See that all joinings are made without nails.

(5) See that no excess glue is smeared around joints.

(6) Corner blocks where legs join main top, should be screwed, not nailed.

(7) All drawers should be dovetailed both back and front.

(8) Drawers should have center guides and slide easily.

(9) Drawer bottoms should be grooved into place, back and front and at the sides.

(10) See if there is a dust-proof panel beneath the bottom drawer in bureau, desk or chest.

You should look for the wood, and identify it as to character. Some woods are easy to identify, while others, treated so as to imitate more expensive woods, require careful inspection and even a laboratory analysis.

The buyer should be glad to hear that the Federal Trade Commission has set down fair practices for naming the woods in all furniture construction.

Should the buyer select solid wood or a veneer, and what are

**By Mrs. Christine Frederick,**
***The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.***

the advantages in each case?

The chief advantage of a solid wood piece of furniture is that if the surface be chipped, scratched or dented, no second undercoat of cheap wood is exposed, as it would be if the piece were veneered. The disadvantages of a solid piece are that it may develop splits in a very dry room or warp in a prolonged humid spell.

The advantage of veneered pieces is that many more beautiful designs are possible with veneered woods than with solid woods. A panel of veneer is less likely to shrink than a solid piece and will not warp under average conditions. According to government test, a properly laid veneer is 80 per cent stronger than solid lumber of equal thickness. Veneers permit beautiful figured surfaces impossible with solid woods. However, if the veneering is badly done, the wood will peel and strip off.

To test a veneered piece of furniture, look at the surface against a strong light. Cheap work will appear wavy like poor window glass, while good work will be smooth. Look for bubbles of uneven surface. Examine the ends for any sign of peeling or separation, as on the curved front of a drawer.

A fine finish is essential to fine furniture. Good finish will bring out grain and lustre, and will not peel or chip or flake off. Lacquer and varnish are the two finishes most used today. The quality of the lacquer and the care with which it is applied, determine the character of the finish.

Here is a prime pointer for the buyer of furniture these days:

There are books and books giving information as to how to buy good furniture, hence only the few salient pointers can be indicated here. But, be sure you go to a reputable store, investigate the price tags, ask questions, and be satisfied that the piece you are buying is flexible, scaled for your home, and made of the best quality materials and construction which you can afford to buy. You live with your rooms, and fine furniture makes that living a continuous pleasure.

This sensible measure appeals to two kinds of people. Those who need laxatives yet never take them because of harshness. Those taking laxatives who find this gentle aid is all they really need.

**HERE'S WHAT TO DO**

First or last thing each day, squeeze the juice of one Sunkist Lemon into a tall glass half full of water. Into another glass, put ½ to ⅔ teaspoon of baking soda (bicarbonate). Pour back and forth and drink as the foaming quiets. Or you may be one of the many who prefer only the lemon juice—in a *full* glass of water.

**YOU GET NEEDED VITAMINS**

Besides aiding digestion and elimination, lemons are an excellent natural source of vitamin C, the only known source of vitamin P (*citrin*), and help promote normal alkalinity.

Try this for ten days. See if you don't benefit when you make it *your* "*regular*" *rule*. Copr., 1942, California Fruit Growers Exchange

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**New Climbing Cucumber** Vines climb readily on fences, poles, etc., saving **valuable space** in small gardens. **One hill** will keep a good sized family **supplied all summer.** Bear early and continue to produce fruit throughout the season. Over-ripe fruit never found on the vines. Many use them as ornamentals. **Delicious flavor.** To introduce our **catalog of rare and unusual** seeds we will mail all **4 Pkts.** for only **10c and 2c Postage.**

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**The American Weekly Patterns**

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HMM! NOW HER HUBBY'S CUCKOO AGAIN ABOUT HER SWEET, IVORY-SMOOTH HANDS!
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NEW "VELVET-SUDS" IVORY SOAP 99 44/100% PURE

**GOODNESS KNOWS** it's silly getting "strong-soap" hands if you can avoid them. Nobody wants them. And *everybody* talks about improved Ivory's speed—so here goes—

**YES, EVEN IN HARD WATER**—creamy suds galore with just a swish, Swish, SWISH. Then dishes *scamper* to their shelves. Tick! Tock! Time it! You're through! *It's true.*

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***Does the "worry-go-round" of life*** upset you? *Look out for "worry-go-round stomach"*...distress after meals, nervous indigestion, gas pains—perhaps simple diarrhea! When you feel these symptoms, take it easy...take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL!

***This pleasant-tasting preparation*** is another antacid *not* laxative! Its action is different. It spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls . . . thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets.

Recommended for children as well as adults. Ask your druggist for a bottle today!

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**Mercolized Wax Cream**

Try this famous Skin Bleach and Beautifier, Mercolized Wax Cream. Its effective ingredients hasten the natural activity of the skin in flaking off lifeless, dull or darkened surface skin in tiny, invisible particles. This complexion lightener used as directed reveals the whiter, newer underskin. **Saxolite Astringent** tightens loose surface skin. Gives a delightful sense of freshness. Reduces excess surface oil. Dissolve Saxolite Astringent in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily, morning or evening. **Tarkrest Beauty Mask**—Try this cooling, soothing and refreshing facial. We believe you will like it.

**Do This at Bedtime Tonight**

IF YOU awaken feeling *and looking* tired and listless—if you seem to be "aging" too rapidly, losing freshness and sparkle in the stress of these strenuous days—here is important news.

Today, modern science is reporting startling discoveries *about food*. About new-found, almost-magic food elements —with power to *revitalize* millions of the tired, the nervous or under par, and build them up for clear-eyed morning freshness and vigorous, buoyant days.

As you may have read in recent magazines, these new-found food elements are so important that governments throughout the world are changing national diets to include *more* of them. Warring nations feed them to their armies, to build up physical stamina and sound nerves. Deny them to their captive people, to sap physical resistance and undermine morale.

Already here in America our own government is seeking ways to supply more of these elements. For government studies show that 2 out of every 3 Americans aren't sure of getting enough of these vital food-factors to be at their best.

***What To Do***

In light of these new discoveries, thousands are taking a cup of *new, improved* Ovaltine each night and morning. For Ovaltine is a scientific food-concentrate designed to do two important things.

*First:* Taken warm at bedtime, Ovaltine fosters sound sleep—*without drugs.*

*Second:* To build vitality while you sleep, Ovaltine supplies a wider variety and wealth of valuable food elements than any single natural food. *More* than merely a "vitamin carrier," it provides not just two—or four—or six—but *eleven* important food elements, *including* vitamins and minerals frequently deficient in ordinary foods. It supplies significant amounts of Vitamins A, B, D and G—protecting minerals—complete proteins.

So—for clear-eyed morning freshness and more vital, buoyant days—turn to the *new, improved* Ovaltine, starting tonight. See if you don't begin to look and feel far more "alive" and sparkling—with new zest for life.

**SEND FOR THIS SAMPLE**

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360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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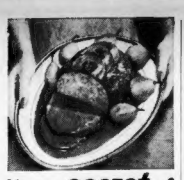

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I HATE GRAY HAIR!

Of Course you do! You know tell-tale gray hair kills romance, that it can cause a lump in the throat, and heartbreaks, and yet for years you have hesitated to do anything about it! Has fear held you back—fear of dangerous dyes, fear that it is too difficult, that people will know your hair has been dyed? Those fears are so needless!

Today you can buy at your drug or department store a hair coloring preparation called Mary T. Goldman's. Pronounced positively harmless by competent medical authorities (no skin test needed), and sold on a money-back guarantee, Mary T. Goldman's Hair Coloring Preparation will color your gray, bleached or faded hair to the desired shade so beautifully and so gradually your closest friends won't guess. It's inexpensive and easy to use—if you can comb your hair, you can't go wrong! Millions have used it with beautiful results for the last fifty years, proving its merit and safety.

So help yourself to happiness—today! Get a bottle of your shade of Mary T. Goldman's—*insist on the original*. Beware of substitutes—others have tried to imitate our product for years. For free sample, clip and mail coupon.

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*THE easy-to-use dress patterns that appear in this and every issue of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY bring the season's newest styles within reach of all discerning women readers. Look for the smart patterns in this issue!*



THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World
HOUSEWIFE'S FOOD ALMANACK


# OLD SOUTHERN MAMMY RECIPES ARE TIMELY AGAIN

By MRS. R. S. EPPS, Hardwick, Ga.

I BELIEVE the time has come when the old-fashioned "Wartime Economy Dinners," so deliciously prepared with care and pride by our Negro mammies could be used at this time as a "Defense Economy Menu."

We could help the Defense Program, as well as ourselves, by even serving these plain, wholesome dishes. Though some of us have no hogs to kill, our markets are well able to supply us with an abundance of economical fresh meat cuts.

The secret of these simple Southern recipes lies in the natural instinct the "old-time Darkey" had in tasty seasoning and a gift for careful preparation in the smallest details.

Inspired by her love and loyalty, as well as her desire to gain favor with her beloved white folks, she used all the ingenuity of her race to please them, little knowing what a monument to her memory this rare gift would become through the ages.

* * *

**MAMMY'S CRACKLIN' CORNBREAD**

To 1 quart of sifted corn meal, add ½ teaspoon soda, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 2 cups buttermilk, 1 teaspoon salt and 1 heaping teaspoon sugar. To this add 2 cups fresh hog cracklings. Use more water if more liquid is needed and make out in small pones. Place in greased pan and bake until brown in moderate oven.

LONG AGO the Southern mammy learned the secret of making the most of the cooking ingredients in her larder. In her expert hands, simple dishes became a veritable feast. Barbecued back bone, cracklin' cornbread, candied pumpkin pie 'an' trimmin's became hallmarks of hospitality. Here is such an old-fashioned Southern dinner, which, as Mrs. Epps points out, is mighty timely right now.

—The Editor.

**CORNBREAD DRESSING**

Four 5 or 6 cups pork stock over medium pones of plain corn bread, crumble very fine with about 3 stale biscuits. Add 2 chopped onions, 3 red and green bell peppers chopped finely, 2 hard-boiled eggs sliced and, 2 raw, well-beaten eggs, 2 cups buttermilk with ½ teaspoonful soda and 3 level teaspoons baking powder. The baking powder should be added last, with more pork stock if needed, as the dressing should be of the consistency to pour slowly into greased baking pan. Brown slowly.

(Aunt Hetty used the backbone stock to season her turnip greens and turnips.)

Carefully pick over, remove stems and wash 1 large bunch of turnip greens. Put greens in 2 or more quarts of hot pork stock, season while cooking with 1 teaspoon rounding full sugar, salt and pepper to taste. Peel small turnips and add them whole one hour after greens have been boiling, using more stock if needed. Cook about three hours or until moisture has almost entirely boiled away. Cut greens up well and remove to center of vegetable dish. Cut red and green bell peppers in rings. Slip a ring around each small turnip, first a red then a green one. Arrange these around the greens.

* * *

**CRISP GREEN SALAD**

Grind or grate all together, ½ small head of hard green cabbage, 2 green and 2 red bell peppers, 4 medium carrots, 2 dill pickles, 2 or 3 pieces tender scraped celery, 2 crisp, tart apples. Chop 1 cup blanched nuts meats mixing together with mayonnaise. Place mixture in individual salad plates on crisp lettuce, topped with a small amount of mayonnaise and grated cheese. (The "old-time" recipe calls for mixing with 1 cup of pickle vinegar instead of mayonnaise with a teaspoon mustard added, topped with grated cheese and crisp bacon.)

* * *

**CRANBERRY MARMALADE**

Grind 1 quart of raw cranberries with 2 or 3 sprigs of fresh mint. Cook in small amount of water ½ hour. Strain (using juice for cranberry jelly later). Measure cranberry pulp. Place in boiler and let come to a boil before adding same amount of sugar as pulp. Cook ½ hour or longer. Pour up in individual molds and chill.

* * *

**SOUTHERN CANDIED PUMPKIN PIE**

Take 3 cups of already cooked and strained pumpkin, add ⅔ cup melted butter, 1 small pinch of powdered cinnamon, 1 level tablespoon grated orange peel and 2 teaspoons orange extract, 2 cups sugar. Place mixture in boiler and cook over hot flame, stirring constantly until thick and candied. Just before removing from fire add the well beaten yellows of 2 eggs, and cook 1 minute longer. Cool before putting into pastry shell. Make pastry by using 3 cups sifted flour and 2 cups lard. Salt to taste. Work up with 1 cup of ice water. Roll dough out thin. Place on outside of greased pie pan. When light brown, remove and fill with pumpkin mixture. Spread on meringue and brown lightly.

* * *

**BARBECUED BACK BONE**

Place 5 or 6 pounds of fresh pork back-bone in enough boiling water to cover. Season with salt and pepper to taste with small pod of hot red pepper. Keep covered with water the entire time of cooking. Cook about two and one half hours, or, until tender but not to pieces. Then place in baking pan or roaster with one half cup of the pork stock. Peel and quarter 6 very small sweet potatoes, placing them in the baking pan with the pork, baking about an hour, slowly. Baste both pork and potatoes frequently with the following sauce:

Mix to smooth paste; 3 heaping tablespoons of flour, with 1½ cups pork stock, ½ cup of pickle vinegar (taken from jar of spiced sweet pickle) a small pinch of hot, ground red pepper, ½ level teaspoon of powdered sage, and black pepper and salt to taste.

Bake pork and potatoes until a rich brown. Remove meat to center of large platter, arranging potatoes around the pork.

* * *

**BROWN PORK GRAVY**

After meat and potatoes have been removed from baking pan, crumble finely; 1 scant cup fresh raw dough particles (taken from mixing bowl where biscuits were made) in the remaining hot fat, browning the tiny crumbles very crisply. Raise gravy with 2 or more cups water.

Dickory Dickory, Old and Gray,
Open Your Mouth and Greatly Bray.
Lift Yours Ears and Blow Your Horn,
To Wake the World This Sleepy Morn.

## RYE MUFFINS

**THEY'RE APPROPRIATE FOR MANY OCCASIONS**

"HERE is a muffin recipe that may be prepared anytime," writes Mrs. Laura M. Trester, Denver, Colorado. "Some Almanackers will favor them for Sunday breakfasts. Others will prefer them for bridge parties. But no matter what the occasion, do try them.

| | |
|---|---|
| 2 tablespoons melted shortening | ½ teaspoon salt |
| ¾ cup rye flour | 2 tablespoons sugar |
| 1¼ cups flour | 1 cup milk |
| 4 teaspoons baking powder | 1 egg |

"Sift together rye flour, flour, baking powder, salt and sugar; add milk, melted shortening and well-beaten egg; mix well. Half fill greased muffin tins and bake about twenty minutes in hot oven."

(Mrs. Trester, we followed your directions for rye muffins and everyone who sampled them for us liked them. Four young brides who sampled them for us were enthusiastic about them as a bridge party suggestion.—Mary Lee Swann.)

*Before 55 B.C. the Use of Ovens for Baking Was Unknown in Rome, After the Loaf of Bread Was Kneaded, It Was Toasted Either Upon a Warm Hearth or Bake-Stone, as It Was Later Called When Made of Metal. Thus Was the Griddle Invented.*

## OVEN SUPPER

**IT MAKES A FINE ONE-DISH MEAL**

"SOME years ago when housewives did their own bread baking, there were times when they ran out of bread and had to substitute with corn bread or hot biscuits of some sort. At such times my mother prepared this tasty meal," writes Mrs. Roscoe Weaver, Elkhart, Indiana. "We children called it our oven supper. And now I serve it often to my own large family and they love it.

"Pare and slice 8 or 10 medium sized potatoes into large baking pan, season to taste with salt, pepper and a chopped onion. Cover with milk and bake.

"In the meantime mix the following:

| | |
|---|---|
| 2 pounds ground beef | 1 chopped onion |
| Salt and pepper to taste | ½ cup milk |
| A little garlic | 2 beaten eggs |
| 3 tablespoons grated cheese | |

"Mix well and form into patties, fry in deep fat until done. When the potatoes are almost done remove from oven and sprinkle with 1 cup of grated cheese, then lay the meat patties over the top of potatoes and again put in the oven to bake about twenty minutes longer. (Add more milk if necessary). While this is baking mix and prepare enough baking powder biscuits to cover over the top of meat and potatoes and put back into hot oven and bake until the biscuits are baked and brown. Serve this oven supper hot with cole slaw, apple pie and coffee, serves 8 or more."

(Mrs. Weaver, we are very grateful to you for sending us this fine old recipe. Most families have a favorite one-dish meal and this one seems an improvement on many that we have tried out. It is easy to prepare, comparatively inexpensive, easy to serve and saves some of the trouble of dish washing. We served it with cole slaw, apple pie and piping hot coffee in our Test Kitchen and the four old-fashioned doctors who were invited to sample it for us said it could not be improved upon.—Mary Lee Swann.)

**YOUR RECIPE MAY WIN $5**

*The American Weekly will pay $5 for each recipe sent in by readers and used on this page, all publication rights thereafter belonging to The American Weekly. Any kind of recipe may be submitted, the only restriction being that it must be original. In other words, it must not have appeared anywhere in print before. Do not send in any recipe which has appeared in any publication, or in any kind of printed cook book. Write on one side of the paper only. Be sure to give your name and address. And write, or print plainly.*

*Send your recipe to The American Weekly Housewife's Food Almanack, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York, N. Y. Unused recipes cannot be returned.*

"No, it isn't hard work... Bon Ami zips dirt away!"

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Bon Ami

the quick, safe cleanser for bathtubs and sinks

## KIDS ORGANIZE HOME DEFENSE

**CHILDREN** can play an important part in national defense—by keeping sturdy. One good way to help your youngsters develop strong chest bones, straight backs, sound teeth—and help them grow into stalwart citizens—is give them Scott's Emulsion regularly every day. You'll find, too, Scott's will help build resistance against colds if there is a deficiency in *Vitamins A and D. This great tonic is recommended by many doctors as a food supplement because it is so rich in these vital elements* everyone needs. And an exclusive process makes it 4 times easier to digest than plain cod liver oil, easy even for young, delicate systems to take and retain. Economical too, with a pleasant taste children enjoy. Buy today at your druggist!


SCOTT'S EMULSION
A Great Year-Round Tonic *For All Ages*
HELP MAKE AMERICA STRONG

## APPLE ORANGE PIE

**AN UNUSUAL COMBINATION —A FINE DESSERT**

"HAVING only 3 small apples one day and wanting an apple pie very much, I did some thinking," writes Mrs. W. N. Reece, Ocala, Florida. "The following pie was the result. I hope you like it as much as we did.

| | |
|---|---|
| 3 small apples (better 3 or 4 medium-sized oranges | 4 good-sized apples) |
| 1 cup sugar | 1 tablespoon butter |
| | 3 tablespoons flour |

"Peel, core and slice thin apples. Peel oranges taking off white membrane then cut out meat sections removing seed. Break sections each into 2 or 3 pieces, line deep pie plate or pan with favorite pie crust dough rolled medium thin, put sugar and flour into bottom of crust mixing well with your fingers. Then place a layer of apple and a layer of orange. (I usually make two layers of each) sprinkle a light sifting of sugar on top layer of fruit, dot over with butter, put on top crust and bake in slow oven, until juice bubbles in slits of top crust. Serve hot or cold."

(Mrs. Reece, you deserve a prize for your inventiveness. The pie is delicious and unusual. I liked it so much I wanted the opinion of two exacting women who are not inclined to like unusual recipes. They were enthusiastic about yours. Many thanks for sharing it with us.—Mary Lee Swann.)

*According to a Fifth Century Saxon Law, a Host Entertaining Any Guest for Three or More Days, Became Responsible for Any Crime He Might Commit During That Period.*

## BOSTON BAKED BEANS

**"EVERY BEAN WILL BE A WHOLE ONE"**

"THERE seem to be several versions of Boston Beans, judging from recipes I have read" writes Mrs. J. R. Hurley, Potsdam, N. Y. "But I have this to say for my own recipe. If instructions are followed not only will the dish be tasty, but every bean will come out whole.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1 pound dry beans (about 1 quart) | 1 teaspoon salt |
| 4 heaping tablespoons brown sugar | 1 small onion |
| | Chunk of salt pork (about 2x3 in.) |

"Wash the beans — cover with water — add onion (whole), then cook on top of stove until beans are tender but not mushy. To the same water add: salt, sugar and salt pork. Cover and bake gently all day. More water may be added while boiling or baking if necessary."

(Mrs. Hurley, your recipe is very good indeed. Almanackers will note that this is your version of Boston Beans and not the traditional dish as many sectional recipes are varied by different cooks.—Mary Lee Swann.)

*Note: The Winner of a $5 Prize Is in No Way Disqualified From Winning Another. If Your Recipe Has Been Published in the Almanack But You Have Another Equally as Good, Send It In.*

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# Appetizing Menus for the Week by Mary Lee Swann

| | MONDAY | TUESDAY | WEDNESDAY | THURSDAY | FRIDAY | SATURDAY | SUNDAY |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | *Breakfast*<br>Prunes, Whole Grain Cereal, French Toast, Apple Marmalade, Milk or Coffee.<br>*Luncheon*<br>Cottage Cheese Loaf, Creamed Green Peas, Raw Carrot Straws, Economy Sour Milk Corn Bread, Raw Fruit Compote.<br>*Dinner*<br>Economy Vegetable Stew, Jellied Philadelphia Relish or Grapefruit Salad, Ginger Mallow. | *Breakfast*<br>Orange Juice, Cereal, Buckwheat Cakes, Broiled Bacon, Coffee.<br>*Luncheon*<br>Economy Philadelphia Pepper-Pot, Lettuce Salad, Thousand Island Dressing, Pineapple Cake, Tea with Lemon.<br>*Dinner*<br>Cannelon of Beef, Sauerkraut Cocktail, Smothered Pork Chops, Baked Sweet Potatoes, Green Beans, Steamed or Glazed Apples, Mock Cherry Pie. | *Breakfast*<br>Grapefruit, Cereal, Coddled Eggs, Toasted Rolls, Coffee.<br>*Luncheon*<br>Baked Beans in Casserole, Economy Brown Bread, Cabbage Salad, Floating Island, Cookies, Tea.<br>*Dinner*<br>Cannelon of Beef, Whipped Potatoes, Spinach with Lemon Butter, Glazed Carrots, Mixed Green Salad, French Dressing, Fruit Betty. | *Breakfast*<br>Sliced Bananas, Cereal, Philadelphia Scrapple, Toast, Coffee.<br>*Luncheon*<br>Baked Stuffed Eggplant, Green Beans, Fruit Salad, Crisp Rye Wafers, Economy Chocolate Pudding or Spread Apple Tarts.<br>*Dinner*<br>New England Boiled Dinner, Tomato Salad, Mayonnaise, Canned Pears with Butterscotch Sauce. | *Breakfast*<br>Tomato Juice, Cereal, Rolled Omelet, Melba Toast, Coffee.<br>*Luncheon*<br>Creamed Salt Fish, Baked Potatoes, Diced Beets, Golden Corn Bread, Celery and Lettuce Salad, Fruit Trifle.<br>*Dinner*<br>Savory Fish Croquettes, Spaghetti or Creamed Green Peas and Carrots, Asparagus and Tomato Aspic Salad, Baked Fruit Dumplings, Lemon Sauce. | *Breakfast*<br>Rhubarb with Raisins, Cereal, Soft-Cooked Eggs, Corn Meal Bacon Muffins, Milk or Coffee.<br>*Luncheon*<br>Baked Bean Soup or Potato Chowder, Crisp Rye Wafers, Cole Slaw, Toasted French Bread, Orange Trifle.<br>*Dinner (Company)*<br>Veal Cutlet, Paprika Noodles, Dandelion Greens, Green Beans, Celery, Mixed Pickles, Angel Cake Squares with Frozen Strawberries and Whipped Cream. | *Breakfast*<br>Orange and Grapefruit Juice, Cereal, Buckwheat Cakes, Small Sausage Cakes, Coffee.<br>*Dinner*<br>Roast Duck with Dressing, Gravy, Buttered Rutabagas, Green Beans, Gooseberry Preserves, Chef's Green Salad, French Dressing, Economy Chocolate Pudding, Coffee.<br>*Supper*<br>Toasted Waffle Sandwiches, Favorite Fruit Salad, Mayonnaise, Caramel Cup-Cakes, Hot Punch. |

## PICKLED SMELTS

Dear Almanack.

After several experiments, I arrived at the following recipe, which I believe most people who like pickled fish, will find delicious:

3 pounds smelts
1 onion sliced
4 or 5 bay leaves, broken up
4 slices lemon
3 cups vinegar
2 cups water
3 teaspoons salt

Cut off heads, tails and fins from scaled smelt, wash thoroughly and dry in towel. Lay fish in oiled steamer or use colander over boiling water. Put in only one layer at a time, sprinkle with salt and steam three minutes, when flesh of smelts is white, but firm. Lay in deep dish or crock, and as you steam rest of fish, place each layer on top of previous layer. Boil vinegar, water, salt, onion and bay leaves five minutes and when cold, pour over fish and add slices of lemon. Cover and set aside for at least forty-eight hours before using. Smelts prepared in this way will keep two weeks or more.

Mrs. John Ringsmith,
Green Bay, Wisconsin

(Mrs. Ringsmith, your recipe for Pickled Smelts was tried out in our Test Kitchen and found to be very good indeed.—Mary Lee Swann.)

## PRAISES POT ROAST HINT

Dear Almanack:

I have wanted to tell you for weeks how very grateful I am for the suggestion I read in your Hint Column for cooking a pot roast. I took a metal pie plate (which fitted a large kettle on the inside) punched holes in it, as directed, put on my roast and very little water and I had the most tender delicious roast cooked in half the time (does not shrink the roast as boiling does) delicious brown gravy and the meat, lovely and moist. Fit a tight cover over kettle.

Since then I have cooked my ham, veal and even roasted a small chicken in it and now that we must conserve all resources, I hope all you readers will try it and so help save fuel and food. I have told many of my friends to try it.

Mrs. William W. Zimmer,
Syracuse, New York.

(Mrs. Zimmer, We are glad to receive your letter praising this hint. We, too, are mighty glad to know this fine way of cooking a potroast. The original hint was contributed by Mrs. Swanson, Brockton, Mass.—The Editor.)

## Almanack Hints

HAVE you a time or money-saving hint to pass on to other Almanackers? Such ideas are worth sharing with other readers, and the Almanack wants to print them—the more the merrier. For each such hint sent in and used in this department we will pay $1. You may send in as many as you want. Hints not used cannot be returned. Please keep them short and to the point and address:

ALMANACK HINTS EDITOR,
P. O. Box 191,
Grand Central Annex, New York.

### ASBESTOS

A piece of asbestos cut to fit and tacked on to the ironing board before the padding is put on will prevent warping of the ironing board. This gives that smooth surface required for good ironing.

Mary Jane Gordon,
Swissvale, Pa.

* * *

### KNITTING

When doing a lot of knitting my finger got sore so now I stick a small piece of adhesive tape across the top of my finger and can knit for a long time.

Mrs. M. Death,
Scranton, Pa.

* * *

### JELLY

To remove jelly from a mold, put a hot cloth around the mold for a few seconds, invert the mold and the jelly will come out without sticking.

Mrs. John Fish,
West Salem, Wisc.

* * *

### CLAMS

To open hard clams easily, pour hot water over them and let them stand for a few minutes.

Miss Helen Candle,
Arlington, Va.

### ALMANACK CHARTS

The following helpful charts will be sent on receipt of a 3-cent stamp for each:

18 Almanack Casserole Recipes
21 Almanack Potato Recipes
20 Popular Salad Recipes
21 Almanack Candy Recipes
18 Famous Almanack Recipes
18 Almanack Cookie Recipes
21 New England Recipes
Highlights of Cooking History
Recipes for Successful Picnics
Favorite Mexican Recipes
17 Favorite Pie Recipes
16 Favorite Cake Recipes
15 Favorite Bread & Roll Recipes
23 Favorite Hebrew Recipes
22 Almanack Preserves Recipes
20 Delicious Vegetable Recipes

Write your name and address plainly:

ALMANACK RECIPES DEPT.,
THE AMERICAN WEEKLY,
369 EIGHTH AVENUE,
NEW YORK CITY.

# Almanack Echoes

FOR all letters printed in this column The American Weekly will pay $1. A prize winning recipe is awarded $5, the same as on the Almanack page. Be sure to write your name and address plainly and use one side of the paper only.

The shorter the letters the better. None should be more than 200 words. Address them to The American Weekly Housewife's Food Almanack, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York City.

### GRAHAM MUFFINS

Dear Almanack:

We are very fond of muffins, especially the graham type. Here is my recipe which is easy to follow. Do try it and you'll be delighted with the result.

1 cup sifted flour
1 cup graham flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
½ cup sugar
1 teaspoon salt
1 egg, beaten
1 cup milk
4 tablespoons melted butter or other shortening

Sift flour once, measure, add graham flour, baking powder, sugar and salt and sift again. Combine egg, milk and butter, add to flour mixture beating long enough to dampen all the flour. Bake in greased muffin pans in hot oven 400 degrees F. for twenty-five minutes. Makes 8 muffins.

Mrs. Henry Bormann,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. Bormann, your muffins are easy to make and are very light in texture. Some of our readers will prefer muffins that are not quite as sweet as yours. However, we believe that many housekeepers will agree with us that you deserve a prize.—Mary Lee Swann.)

### BUTTERMILK JELLY

Dear Almanack:

My grandmother couldn't always get honey so she made what she called Buttermilk Jelly. This is how to make it.

Take nice fresh buttermilk. To each cup of buttermilk add 8 cup of white sugar. You will have to watch it at first so it won't turn cheese-like, stir quite a little at first try it in cold water. It should be nice and brown in color. Is cooked like other jelly and tastes like honey.

Mrs. John Lovaas,
Lindsay, Montana

(Mrs. Lovaas, our thanks for your unusual recipe utilizing buttermilk. —Mary Lee Swann.)

### JUST CABBAGE

Dear Almanack:

Not long ago, I tried cooking a head of cabbage, whole, just to see what it would do. It did plenty, and was so good that I pass it on to you, thinking now that we have been throwing away the best part of cabbage.

Be sure you have a good solid head, and trim all tough outer leaves away. Then place root end down in any cooking utensil (just so you have a tight lid) in about one inch of water—salt, and sprinkle a little sugar over it. Let the water come to a rapid boil, then lower the flame to simmer and cook until the cabbage is tender but no more. Serve on a plate with any good cheese sauce.

Mrs. Nettie Kay Dawson,
Independence, Mo.

(Mrs. Dawson, your experiment wins a prize for you. You are to be complimented on your suggestion for not wasting food.—Mary Lee Swann.)

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GOODBYE TO TOUGH PIE CRUST!

Now! Crisco and its New Pastry Method end the 2 big causes of tough crust!

How proud you are when you cut into a tender golden-brown pie—but how awful when the crust is tough!

**Now—be sure of flaky, tender pastry!** Crisco brings you 2 new helps . . . First—Crisco itself is *different* because this pure, all-vegetable shortening is now made by an exclusive process. Why, cooks all over the country find Crisco does more to give them tender pastry than any other shortening. Second—Crisco has developed a new, sure-fire pastry method.

**Goodbye guesswork!** Till now, it's been so easy to make 2 mistakes that cause tough pie crust—adding too much water and over-handling the dough. Now, with Crisco and Crisco's New Method, even beginners needn't have a worry!

**Try it!** Read Crisco's amazing New Pastry Method, given at the right. Don't wait a day to thrill your family with flaky, digestible pie crust.

**Important!—Don't forget . . . this method was perfected for Crisco. We don't promise Crisco's sure-fire success with just any shortening. Use Crisco and only Crisco.**

New! Easy!
CRISCO'S SURE-FIRE PASTRY METHOD!
Try it for a "Hostess Pie Tray"

DOUBLE-CRUST MEASUREMENTS

*2 cups sifted flour*
*1 teaspoon salt*
*⅔ cup Crisco*
*¼ cup water**

**Notice—this method tells you exact amount of water. Standard recipes don't . . . yet too much water is the first big cause of tough pastry.*

Sift flour and salt into bowl. Take out ¼ cup of this flour and mix with the ¼ cup of water into a paste. Add Crisco to remaining flour; cut in Crisco until the pieces are the size of small peas.

Next, add flour-paste to Crisco-flour mixture. Mix *thoroughly* until the dough comes together and can be shaped into a ball. *(Notice—the dough isn't sticky—it's easy to handle, easy to roll out! No need to over-handle the dough—the second big cause of tough pastry.)* Divide in half—roll out both crusts about ⅛ inch thick. (All measurements level.)

ONE-CRUST MEASUREMENTS: Use 1⅓ cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ⅓ cup Crisco. Take out ¼ cup flour and blend with 2 tablespoons water.

HOSTESS PIE TRAY—Use your favorite Raisin Pie and Pumpkin Pie fillings. Bake Pumpkin Pie in hot oven (425° F.) 15 minutes, reduce to moderate (350° F.) and bake 30 to 40 minutes. Bake Raisin Pie in hot oven (400-425° F.) 35 minutes.

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